

JUNE
No. 25

BLACKHAWK

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.D.
6

10¢

conquers
THE EVIL
of
MUNG!





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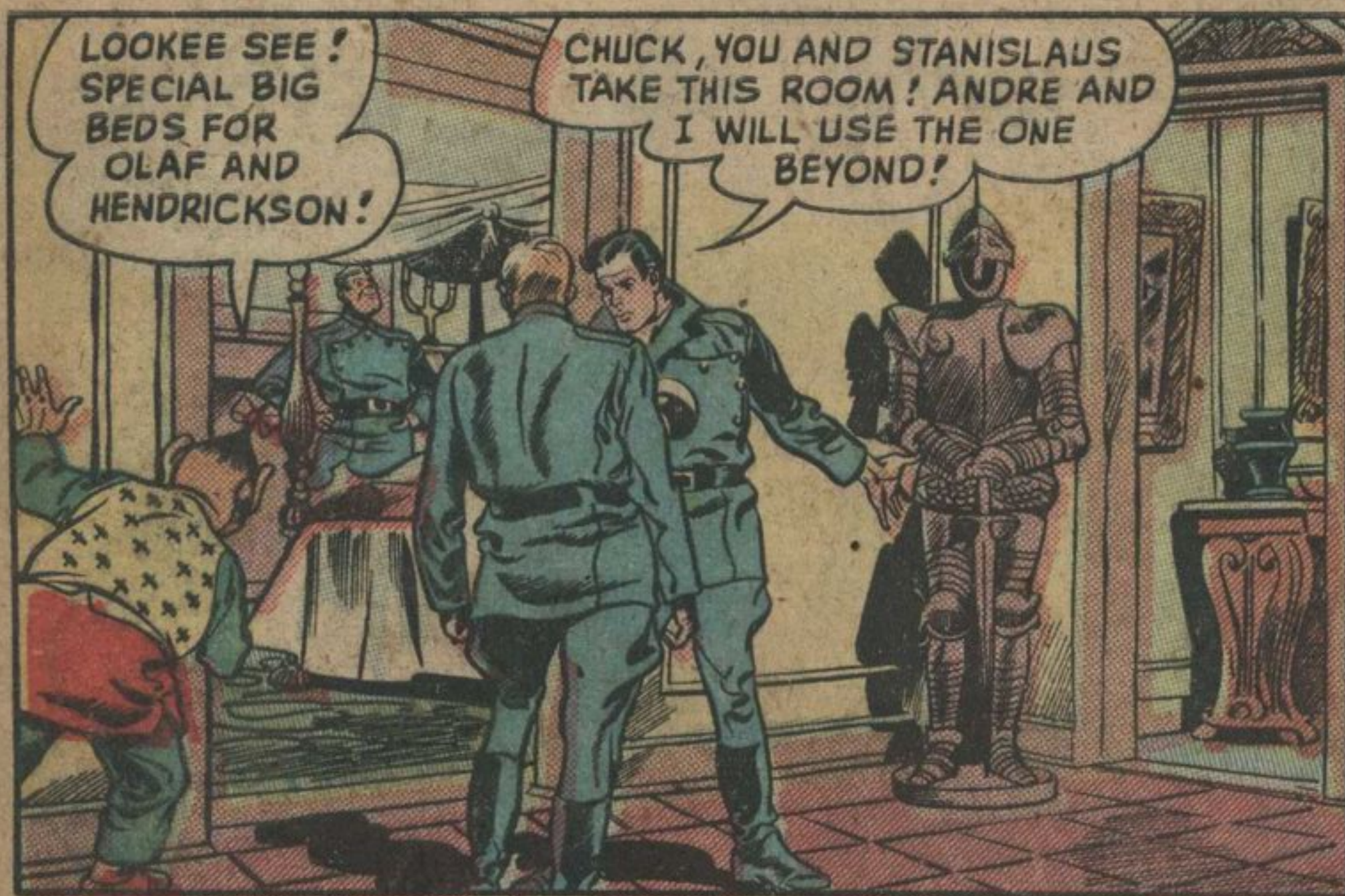
- ☐ Please include one pair Fibre Door Protectors to match, at \$1.00 per set
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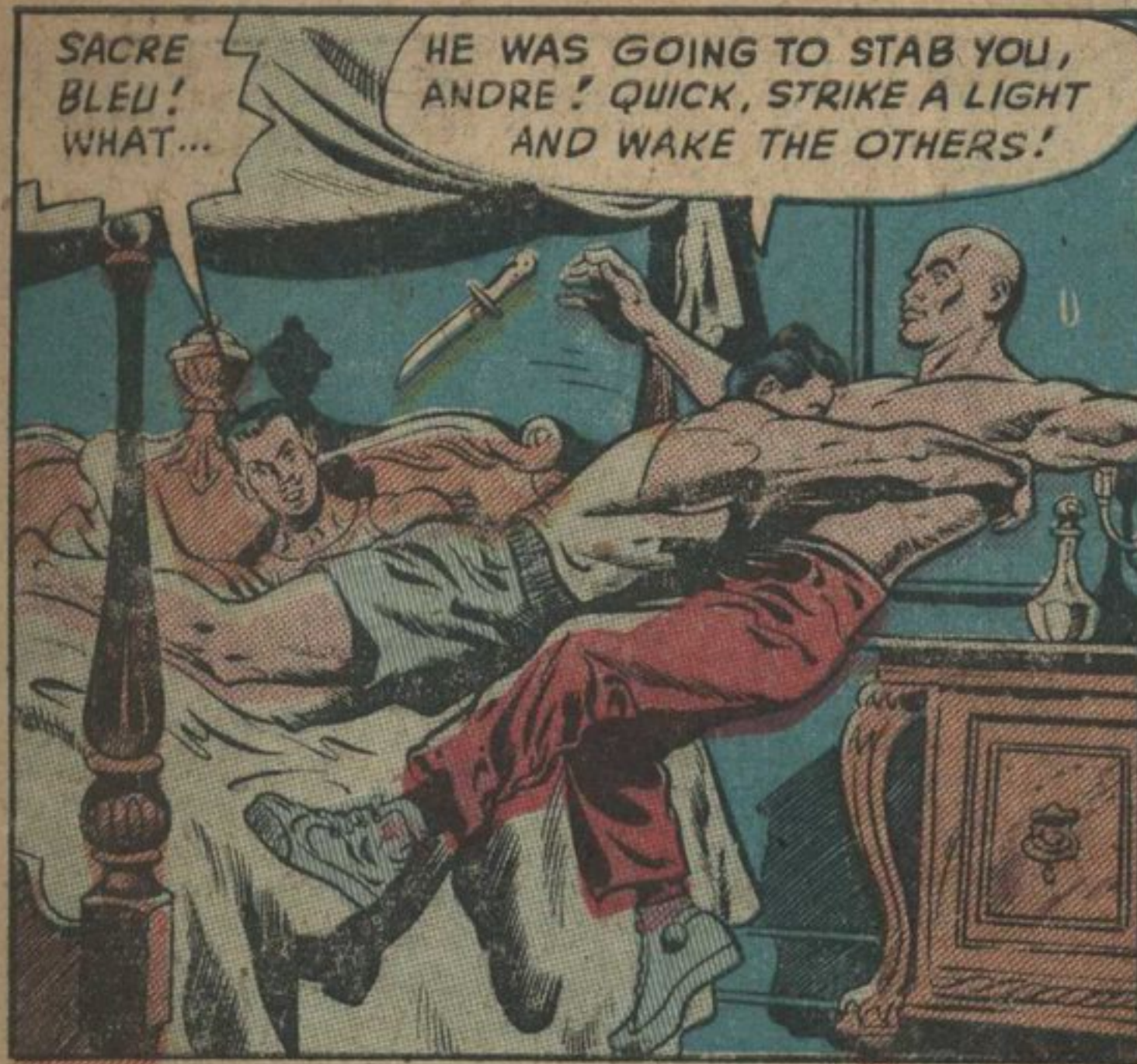
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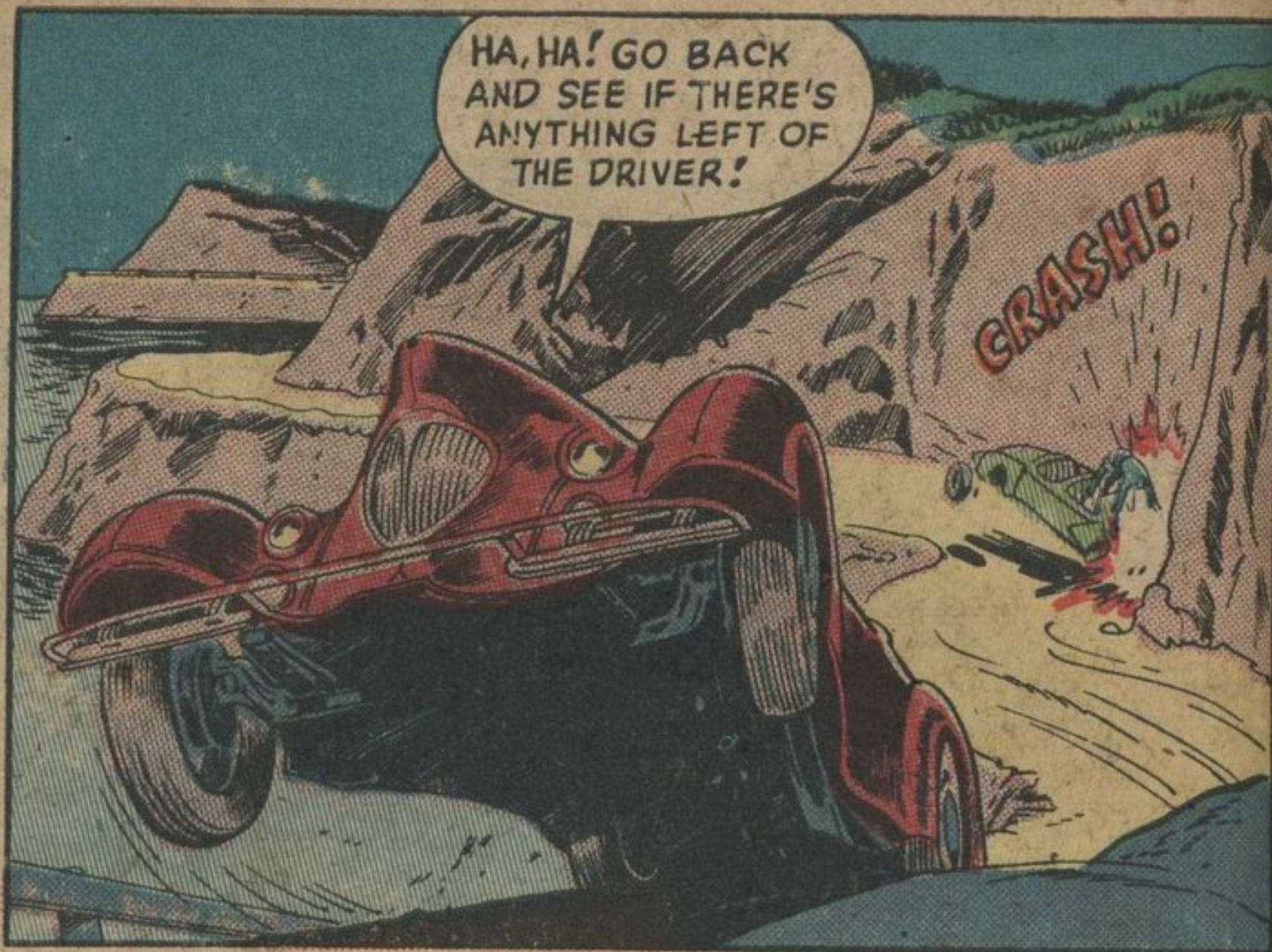
Blackhawk

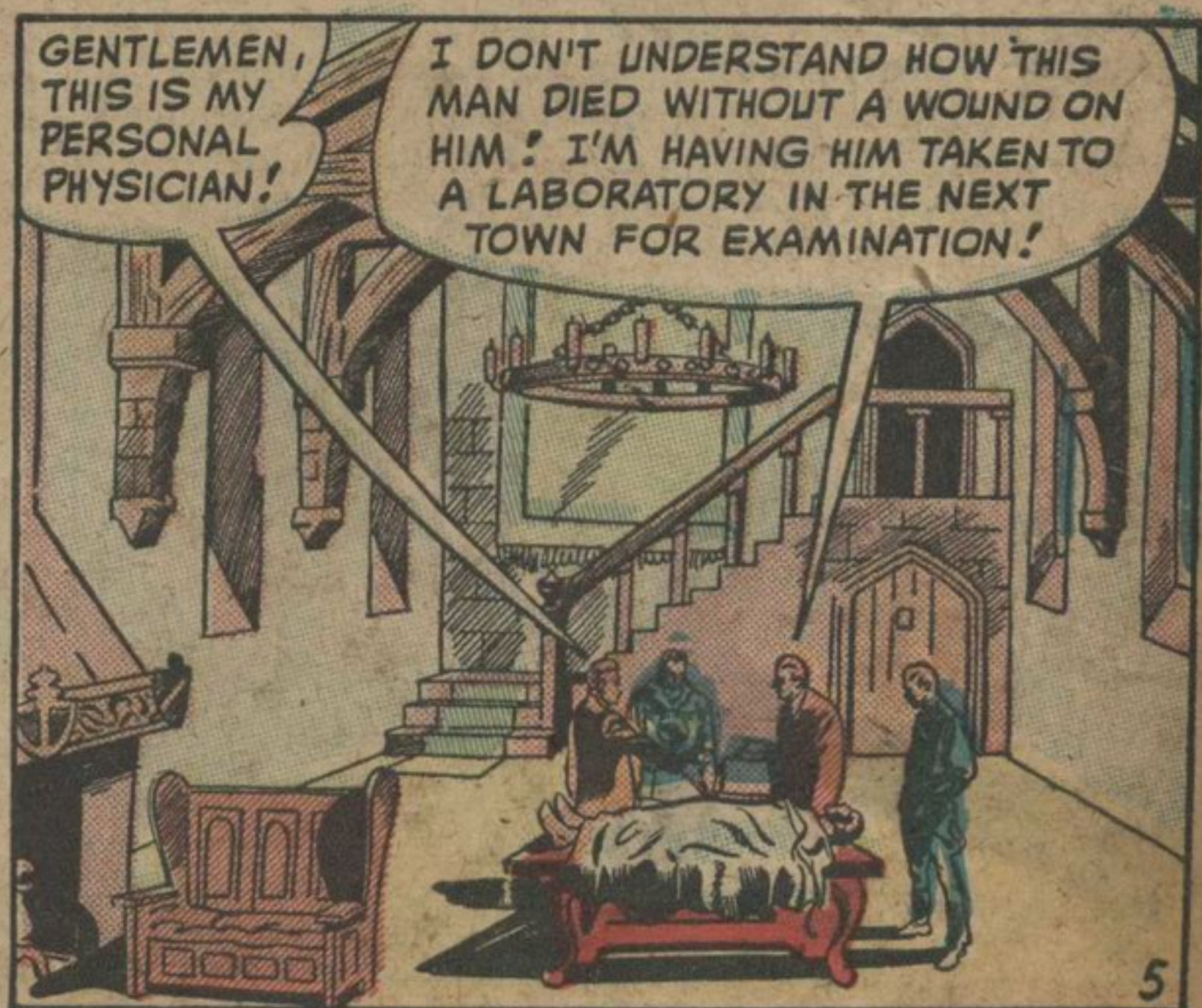
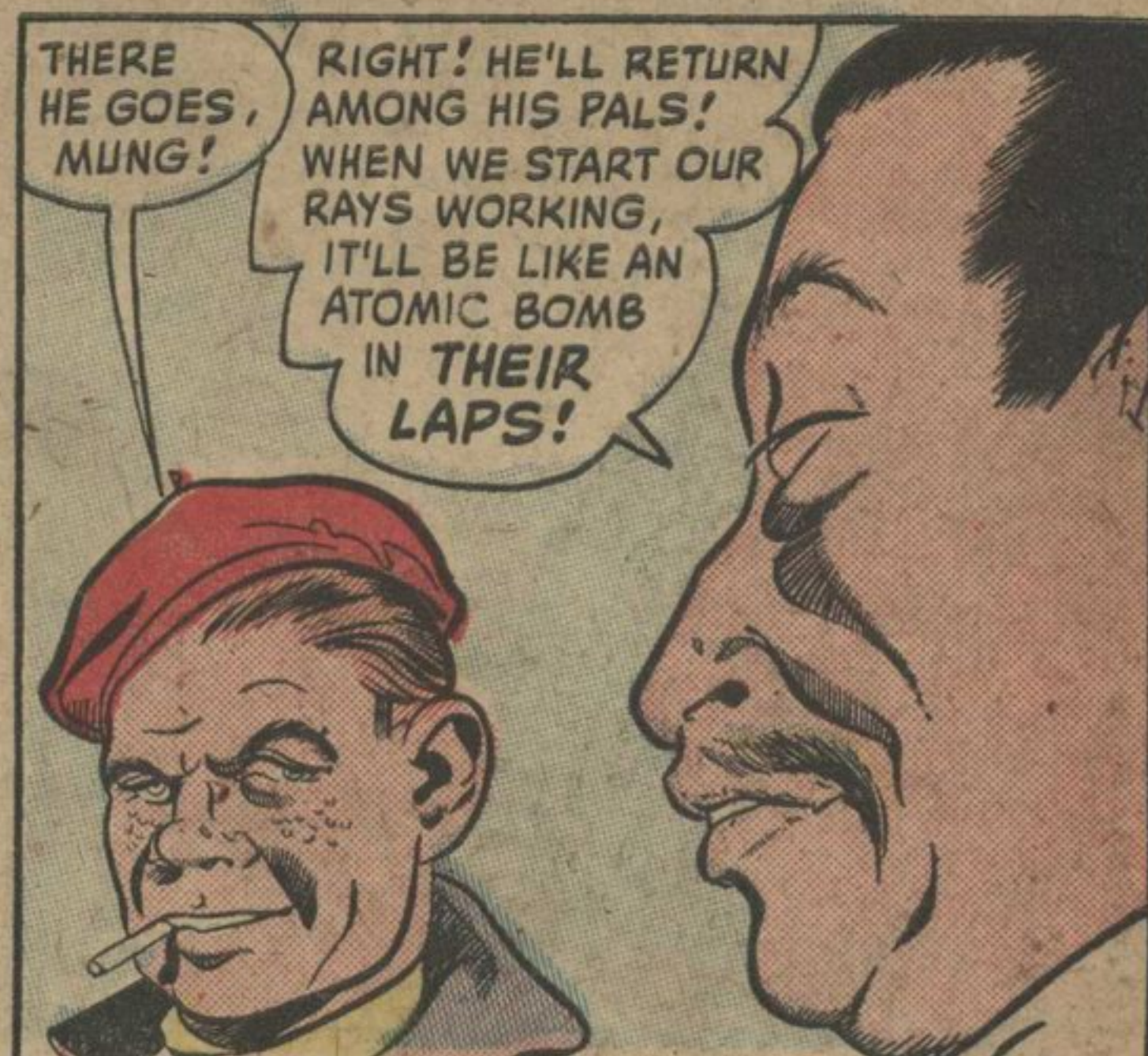
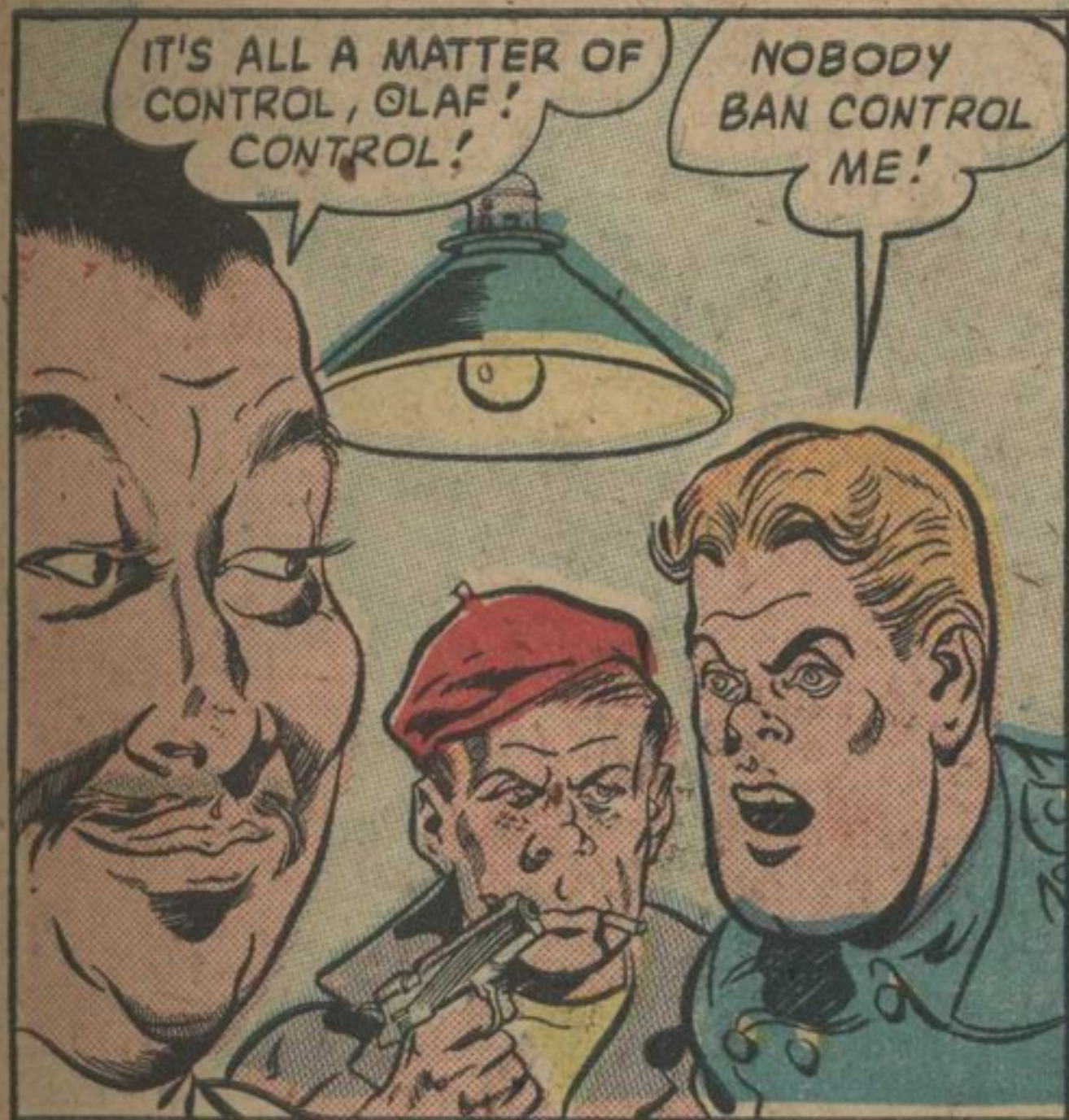


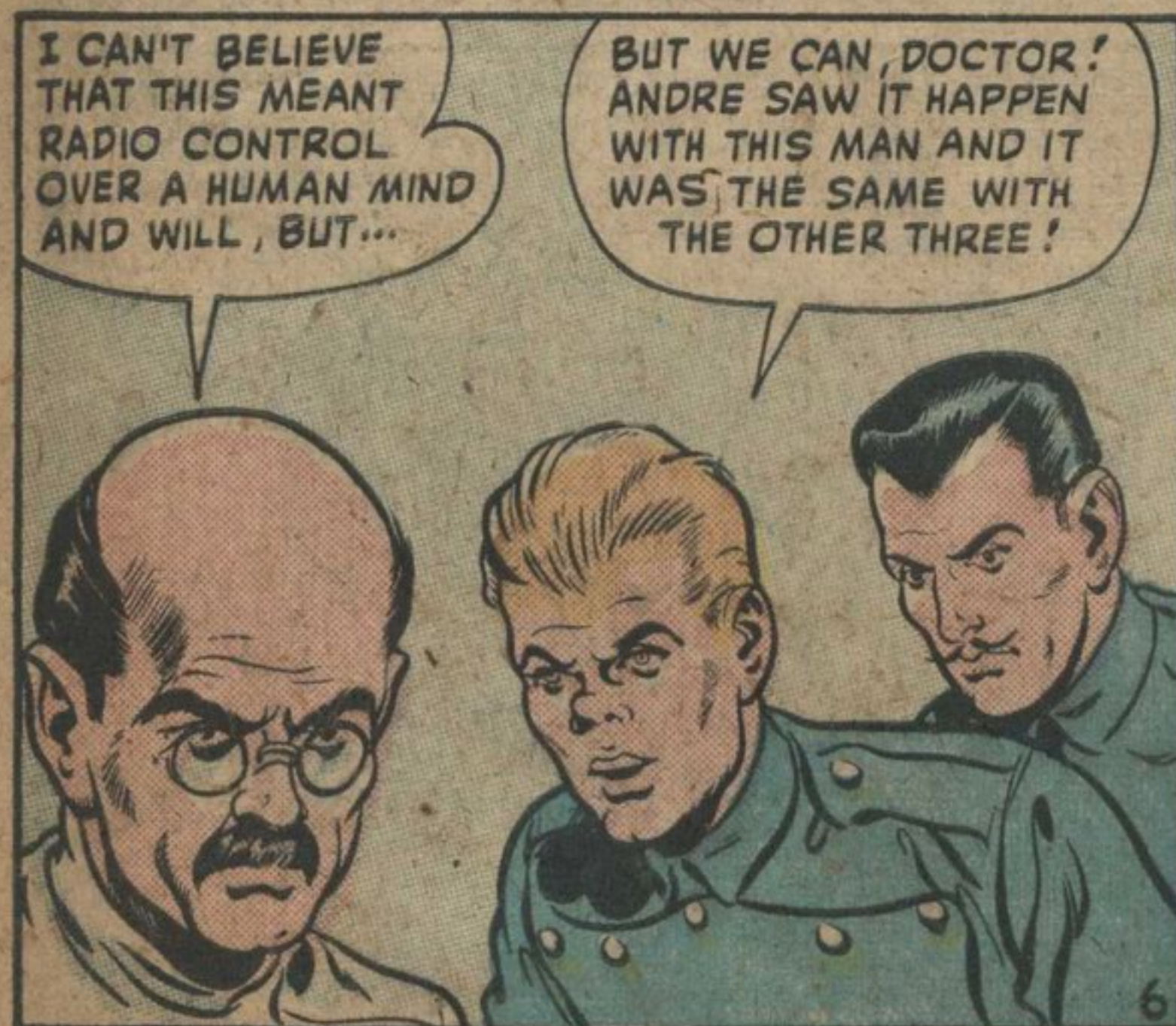
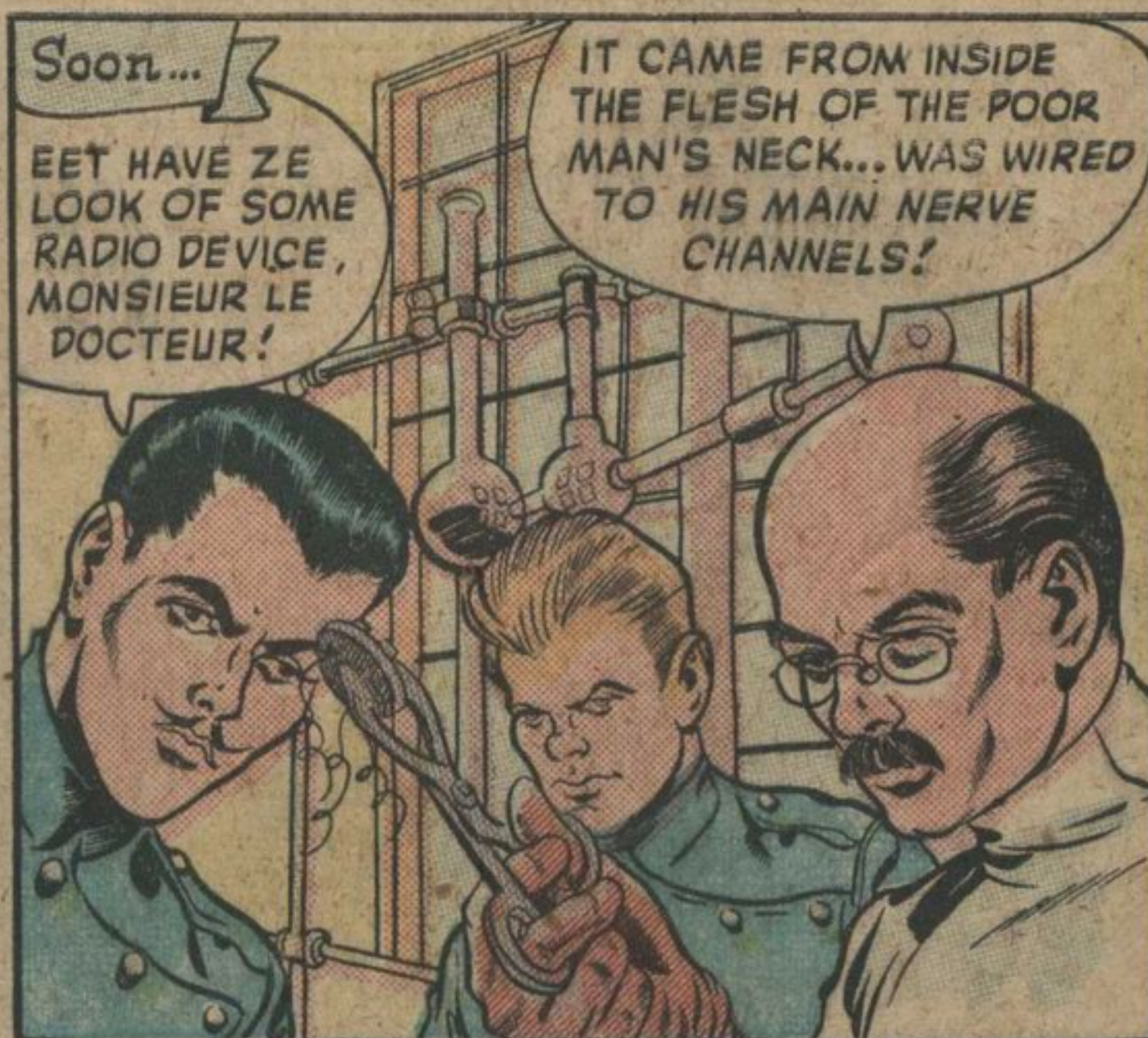
BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER... Can that happen even among the Blackhawks? The world's most successful fighting team against evil and injustice has succeeded thus far because of perfect loyalty and cooperation among its members! But now...hear and see the amazing incident of **BLACKHAWK AGAINST BLACKHAWK!**



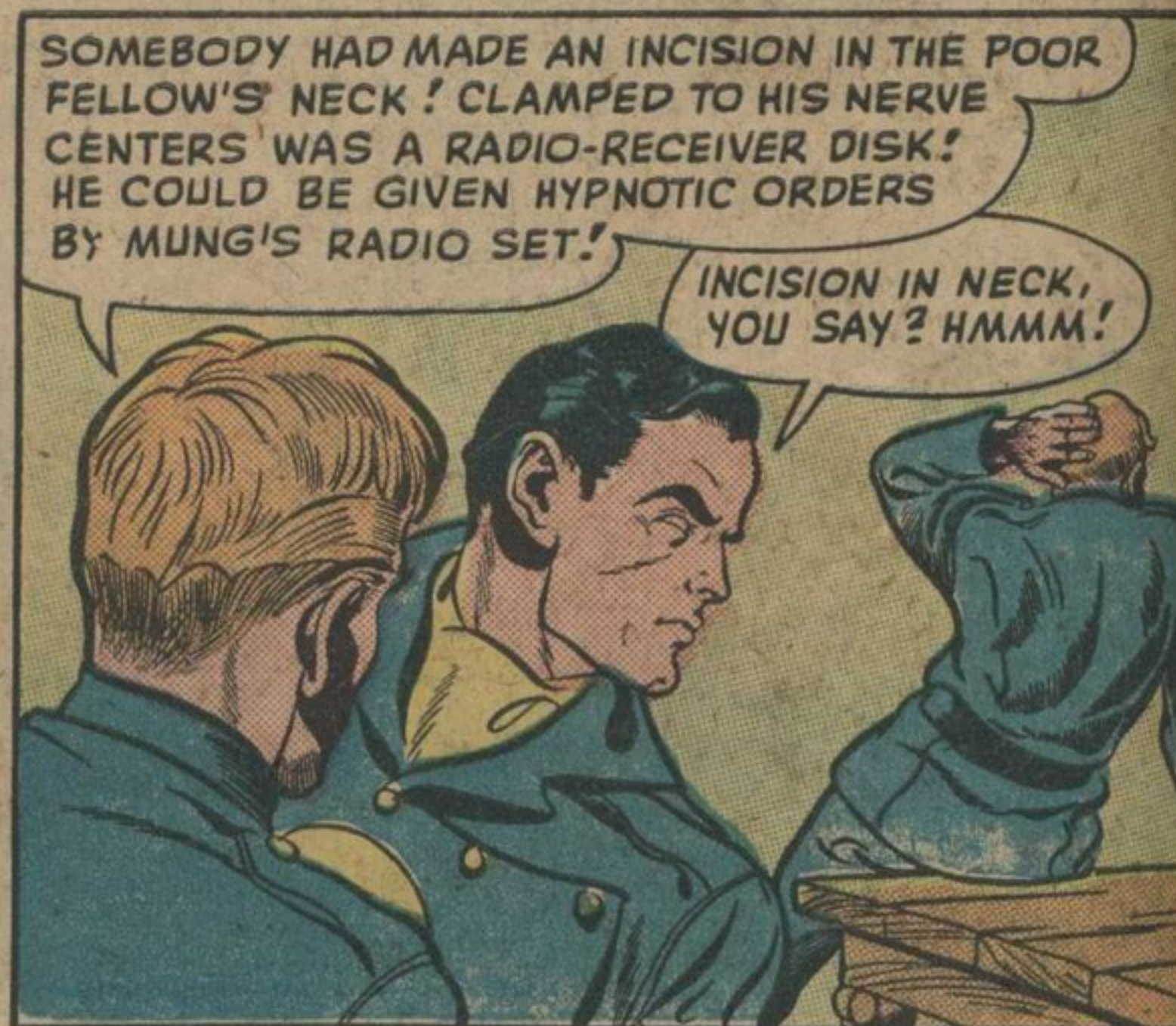


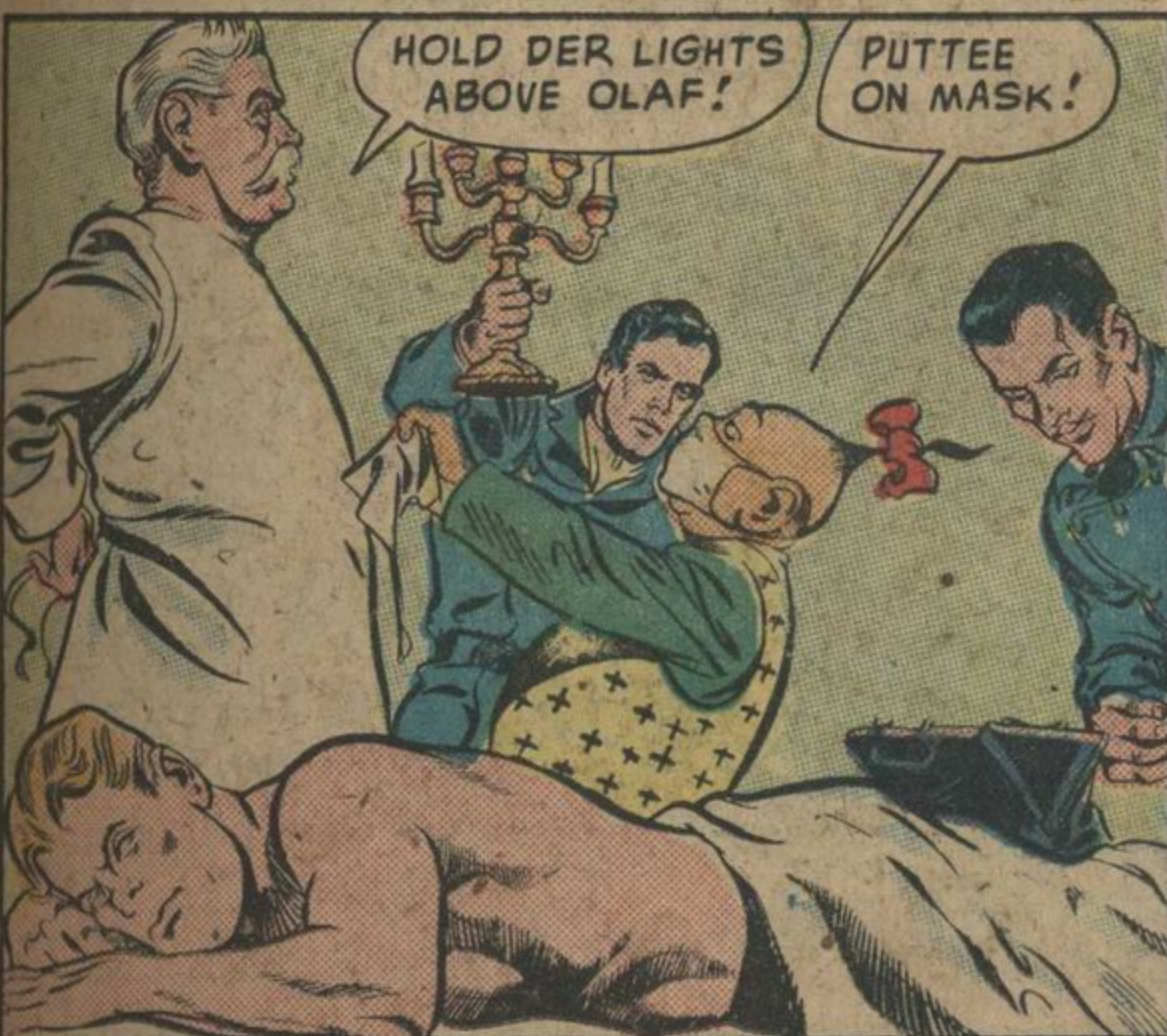
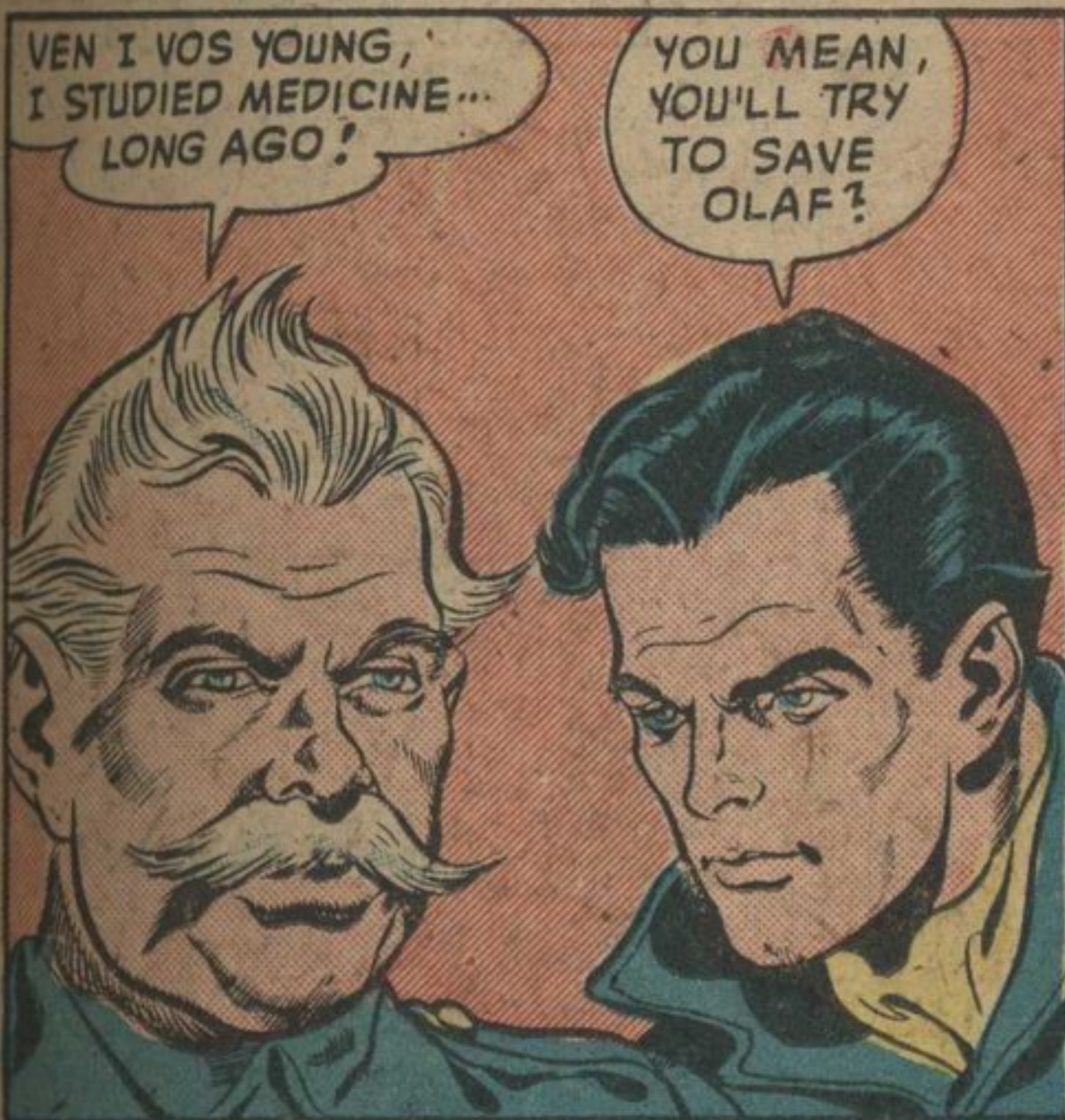
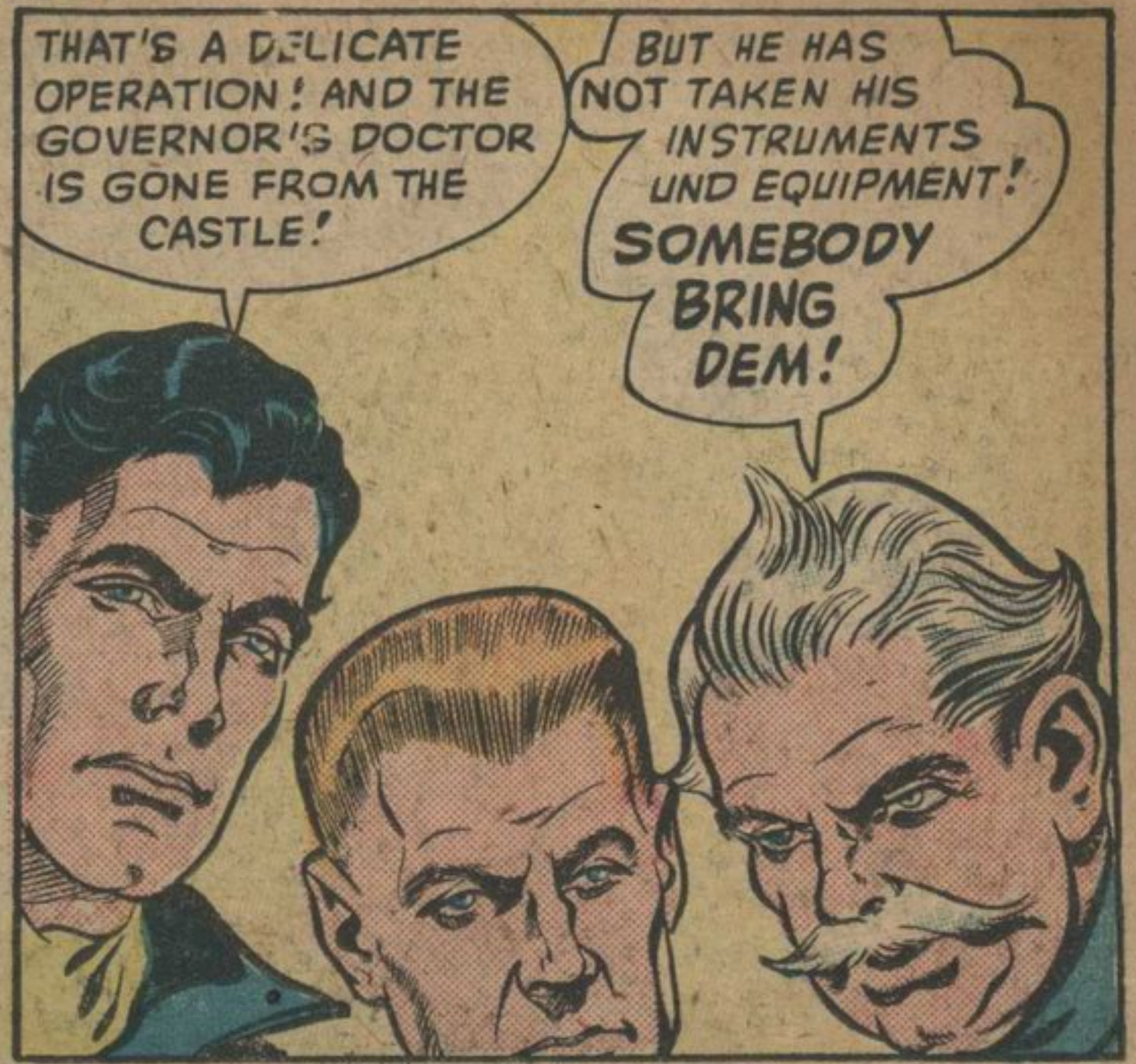














SCALPEL!



YES! I HAF FOUND METAL
NEXT TO DER SPINAL COLUMN!
DER FORCEPS, CHOP-
CHOP!

ALL
LEADY!



WE CAN
ONLY HOPE...
PRAY...

QUIET, MEN!
DON'T DISTURB
HENDRICKSON...
THIS IS THE
CRISIS!



SUCCESS! I HAF DER
TEUFELISH THING LOOSE
FROM HIM! HELP ME
BANDAGE HIM, CHOP
CHOP!



HERE ISS DER DISK!
AND THE
VERY SMALL,
DELICATE UND
COMPLEX!

STORM'S OVER!
LOOK CLOSELY...
THE DISK IS
ACTIVE... PICKING
UP RADIO
WAVES!



HENDRICKSON,
AY DON'T TALK
VERY GOOD...
BUT TANKS
FROM MY
HEART!

WE CAN TRACE THE
SOURCE OF THE RADIO
IMPULSES WITH THIS
DISK! IT SHOWS THE
DIRECTION FROM WHICH
THEY COME!



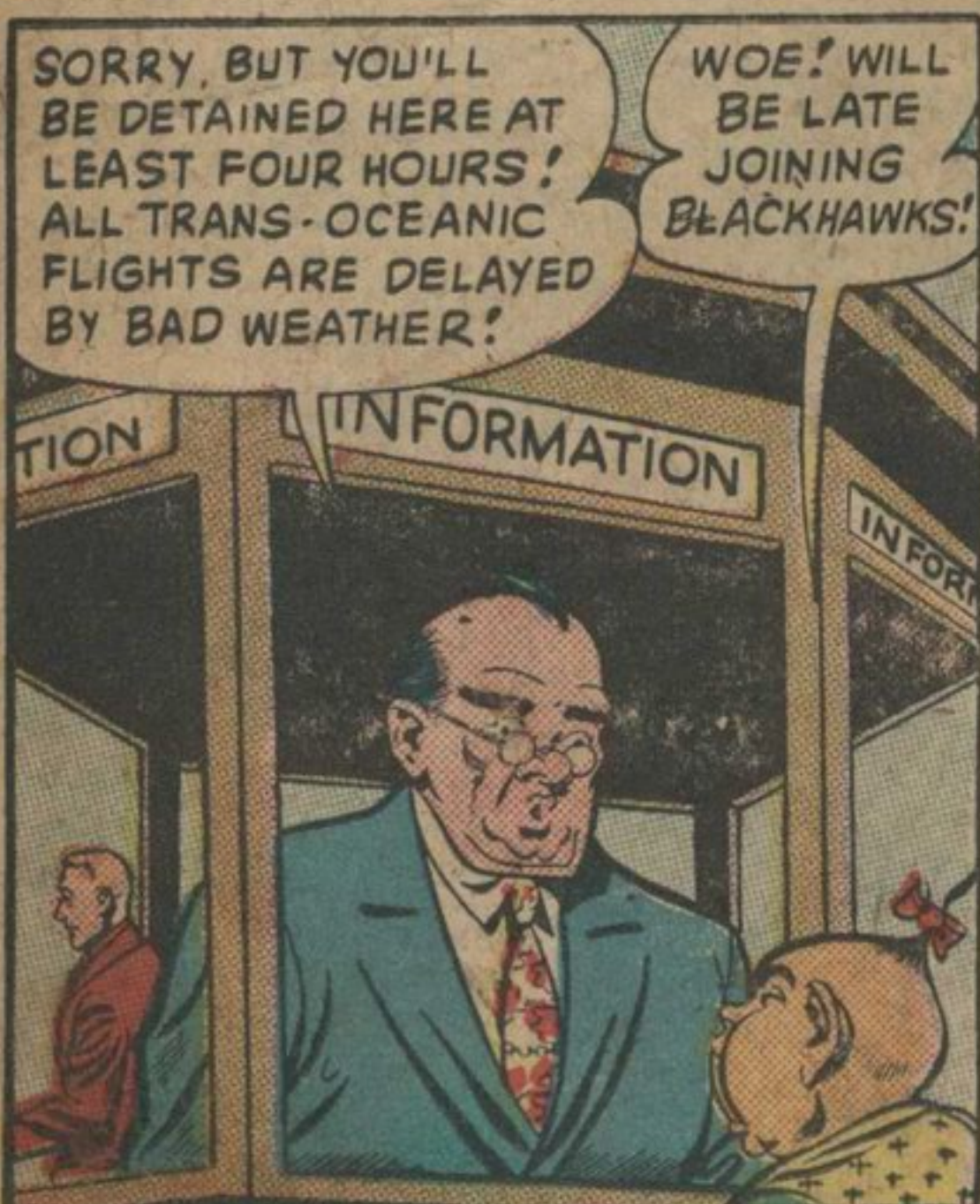
THEY WON'T BE
FAR AWAY!

AND ZEY WILL
NOT GET MUCH
FARTHER AWAY!



The secrets of our foes
We constantly expose...
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!







WONG STREET!
THIS RIGHT STOP,
ALL RIGHT! BE
PLENTY BIG
SULPLISE WHEN
CHOP CHOP WALK
INTO UNCLE
CHARLEY CHOP'S
SHOP!



UNCLE, LOOK! IS
ME ... YOUR
NEPHEW, CHOP
CHOP!

CANNOT
BELIEVE
MY EYES!



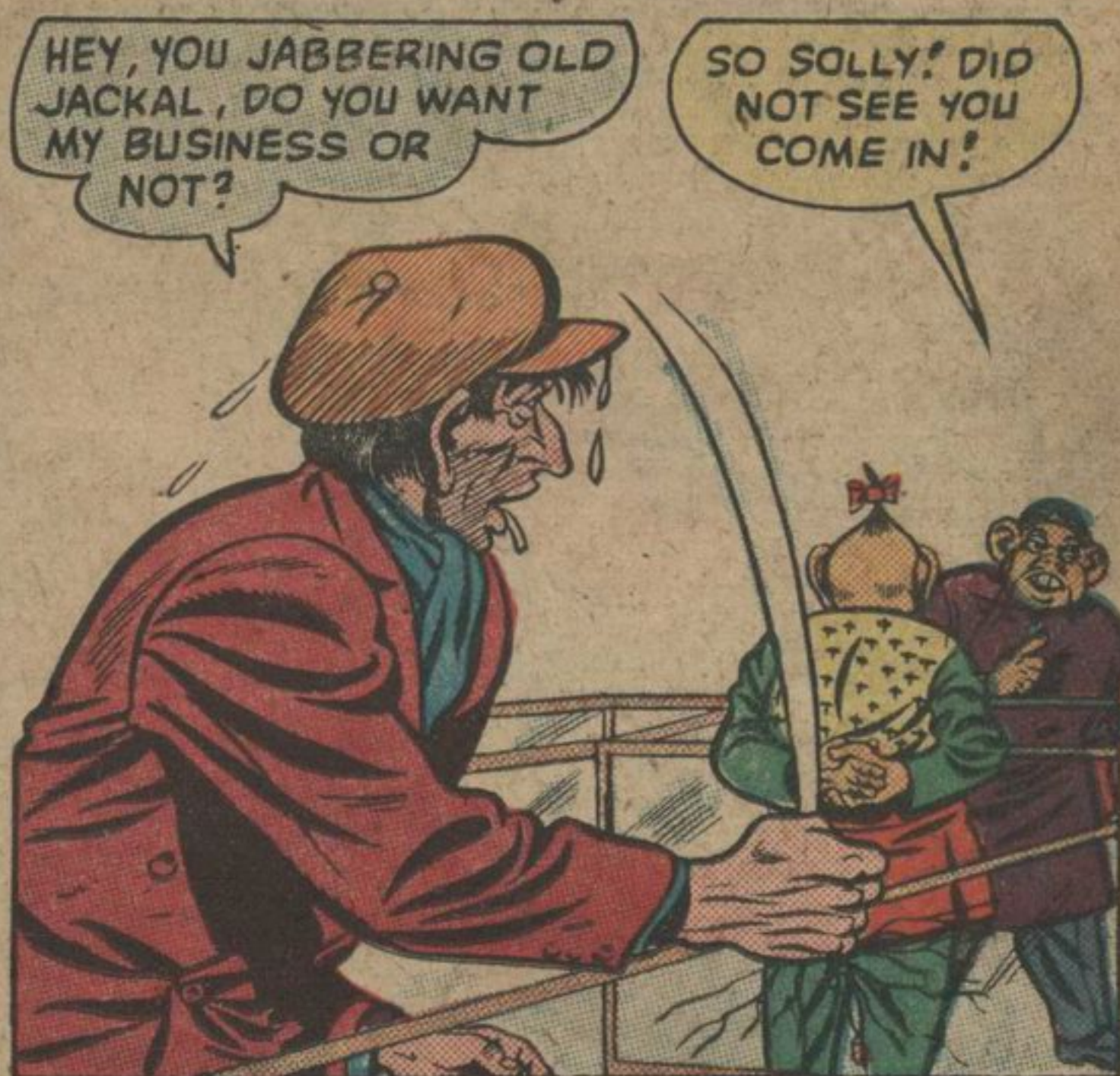
HAVE NOT
SEEN YOU
FOR LONG
TIME! YOU
NOT CHANGE
A BIT!

VELLY GLEAT
HAPPINESS TO
SEE YOU! WHAT
YOU HEAR FROM
FOLKS IN
CHINA?



早光臨

原人親

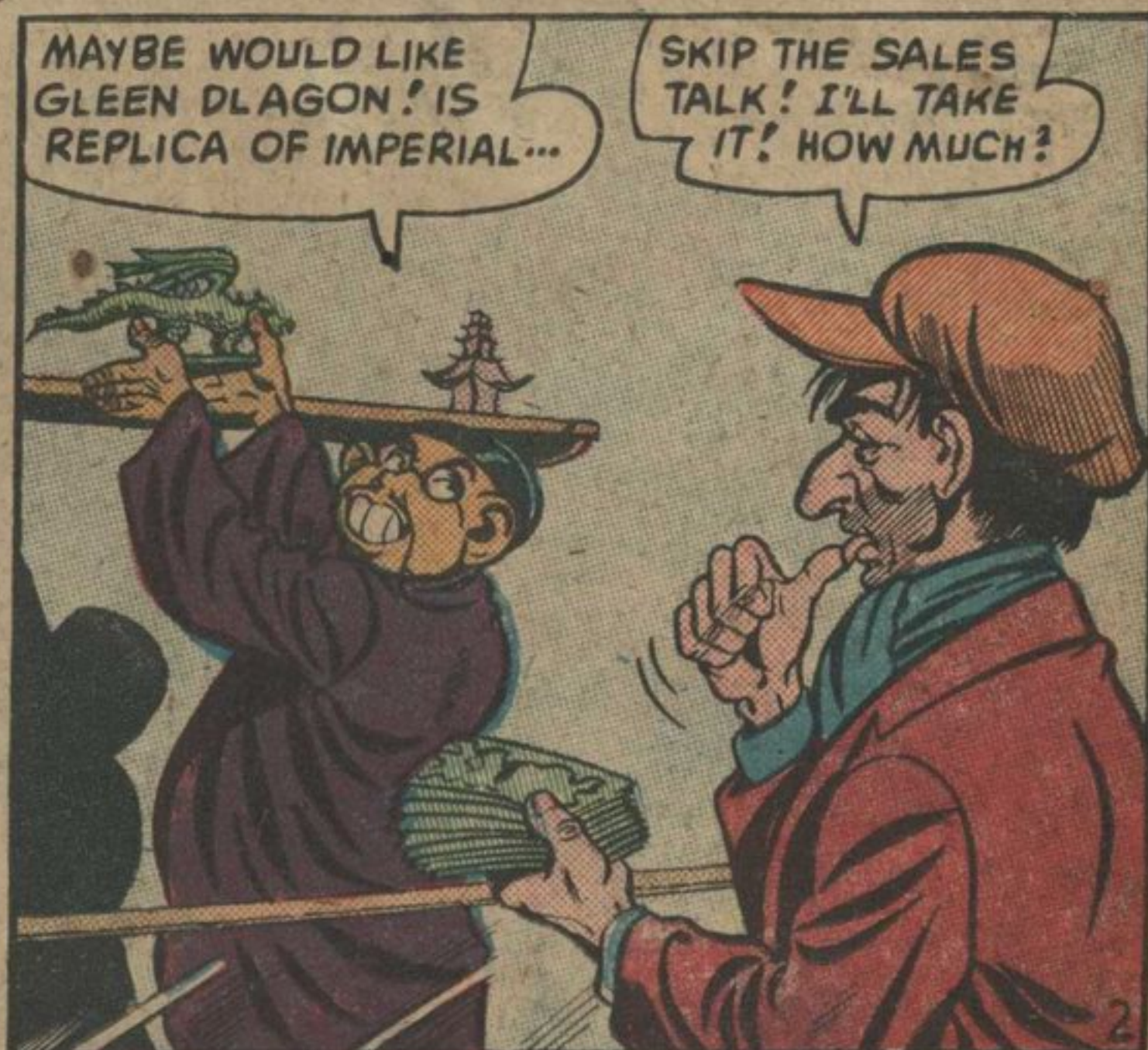


HEY, YOU JABBERING OLD
JACKAL, DO YOU WANT
MY BUSINESS OR
NOT?

SO SOLLY! DID
NOT SEE YOU
COME IN!

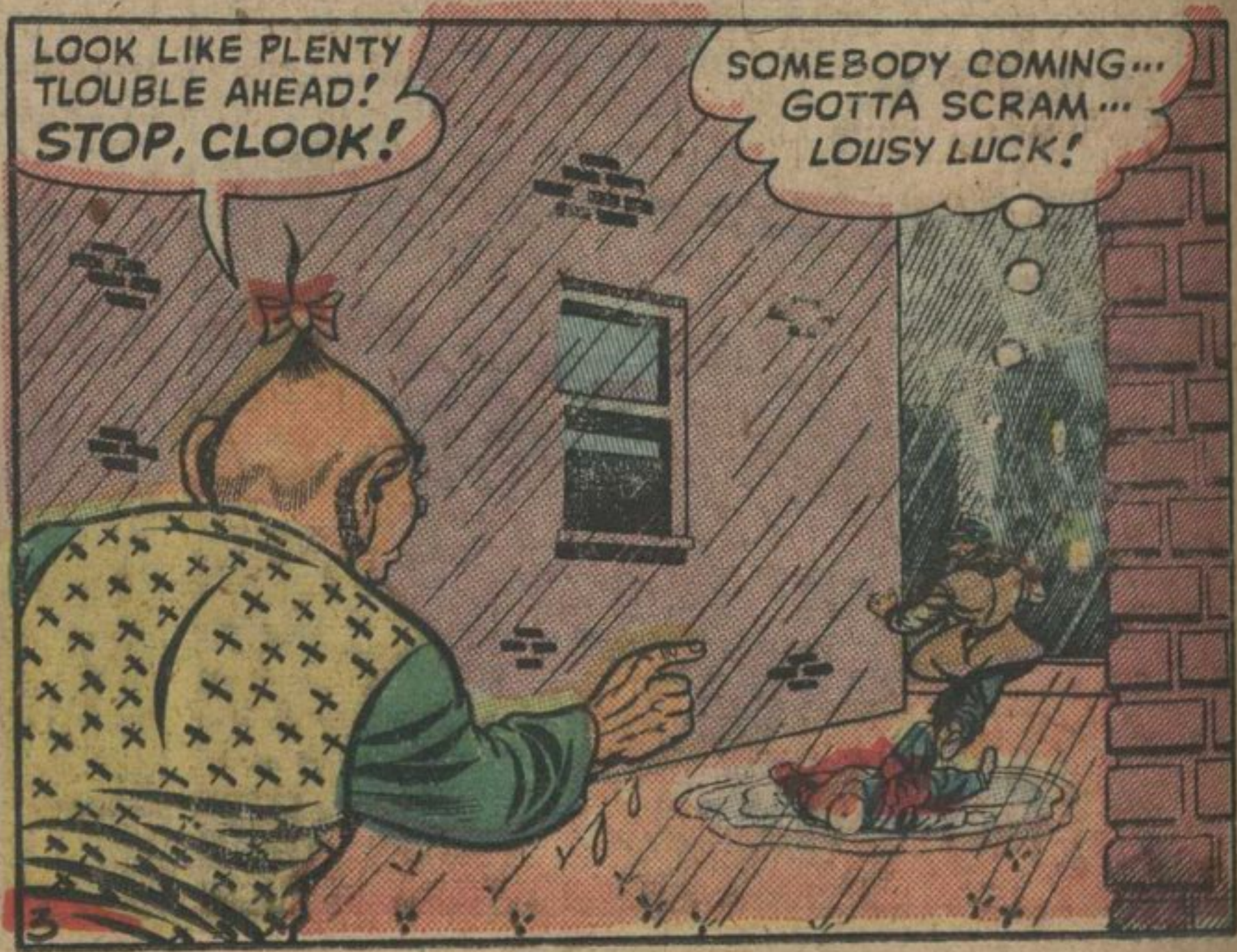
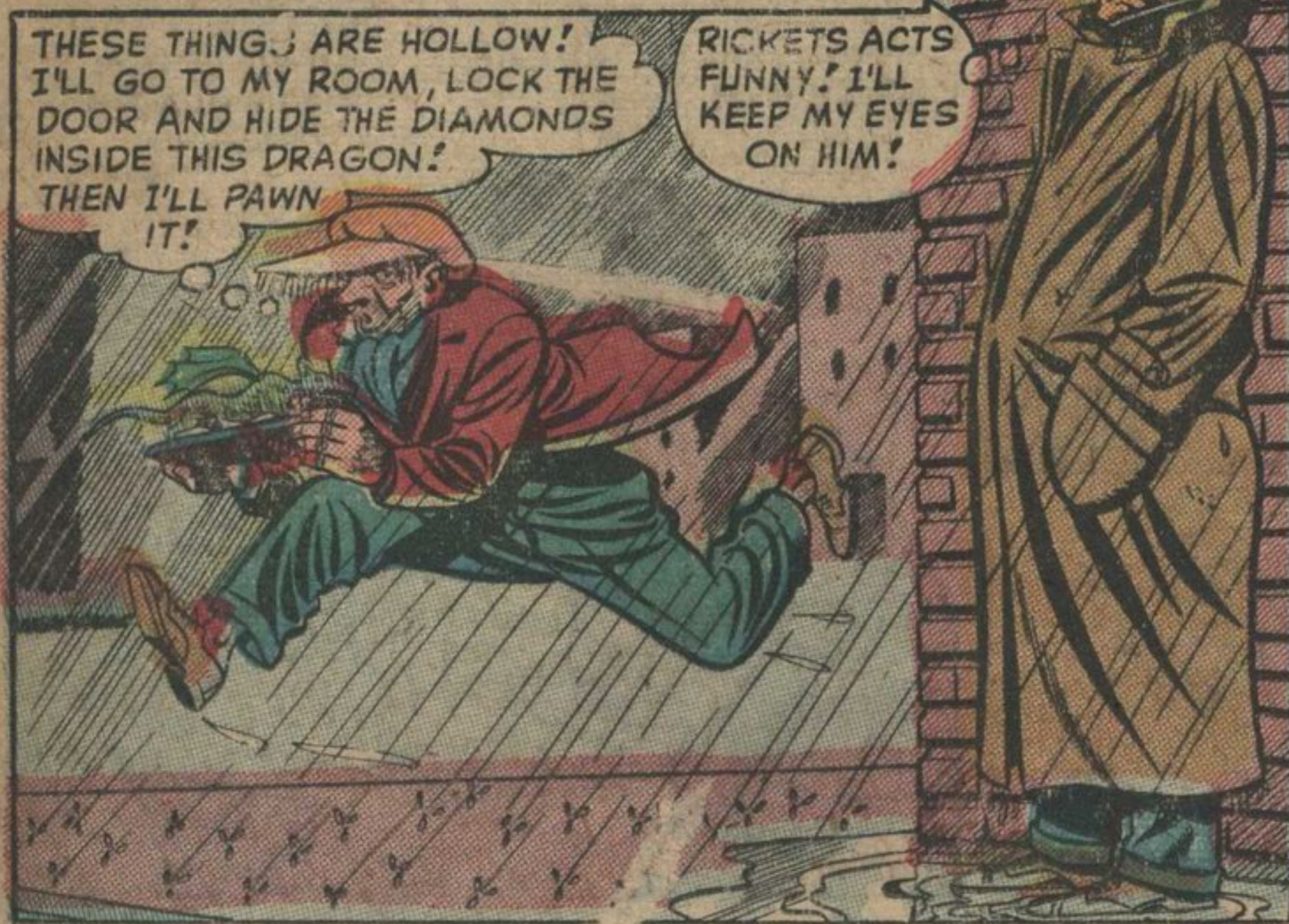


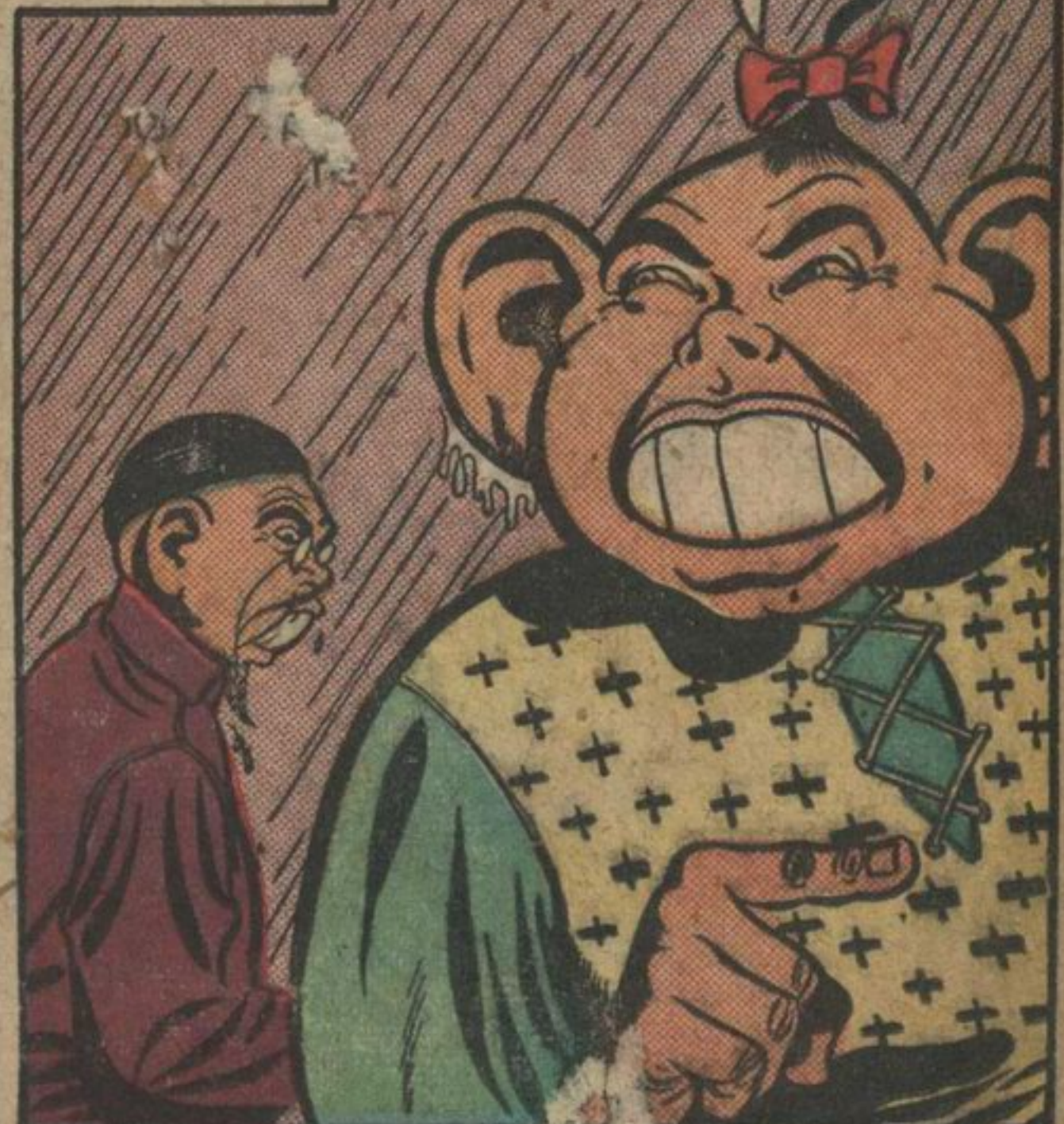
GIVE ME ONE OF THEM...
AND MAKE IT
SNAPPY!



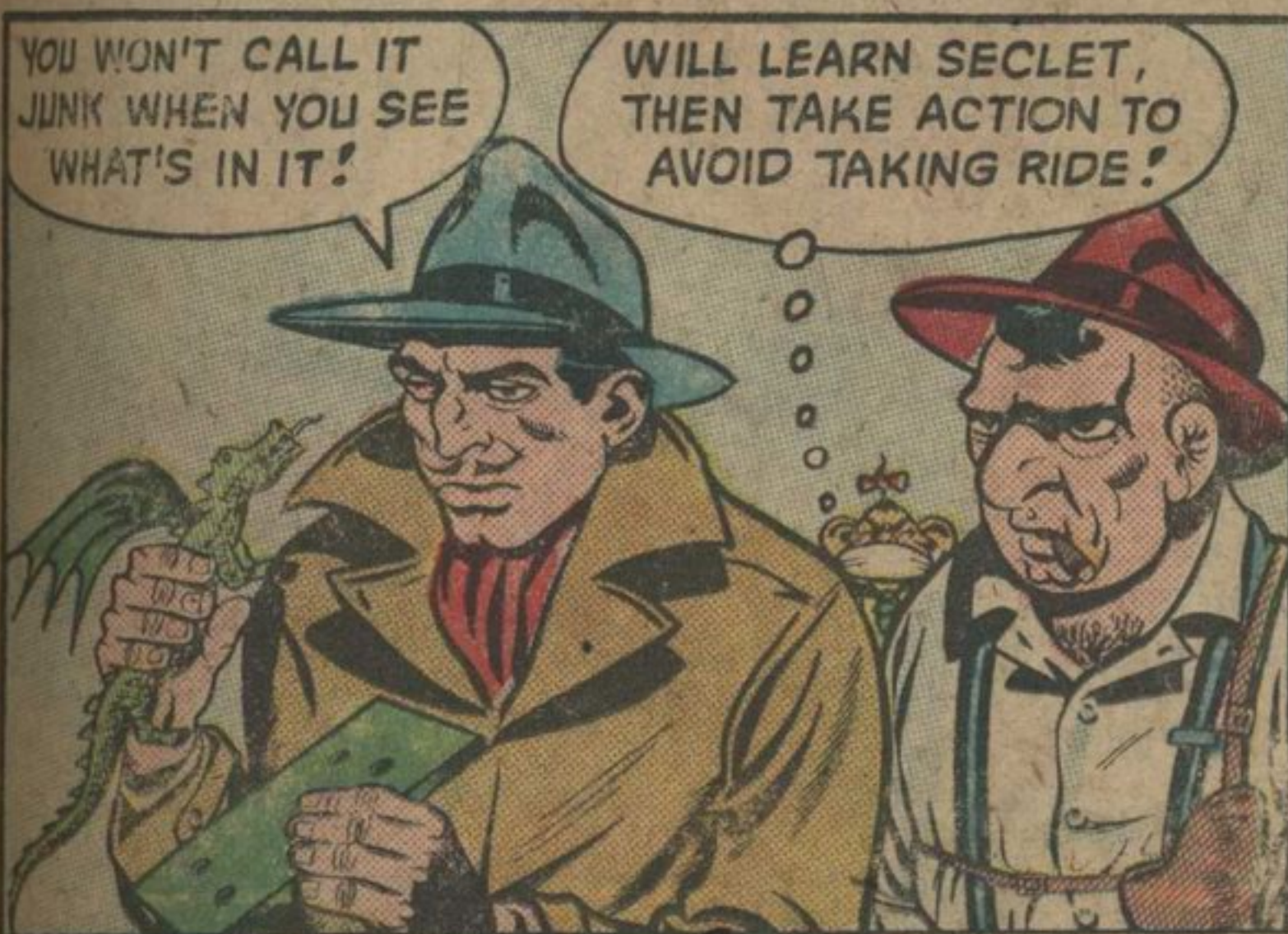
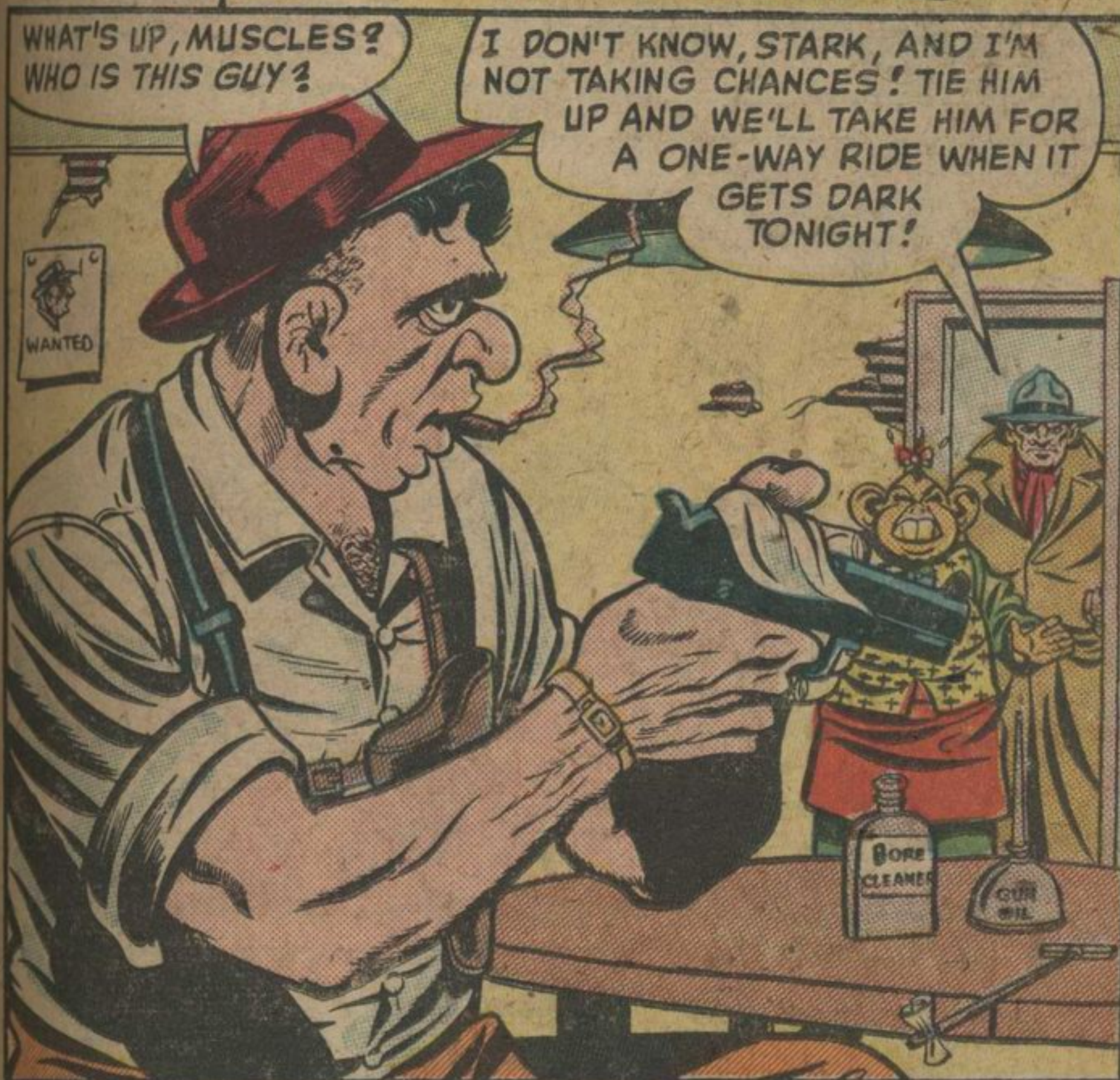
MAYBE WOULD LIKE
GLEEN DLAGON! IS
REPLICA OF IMPERIAL...

SKIP THE SALES
TALK! I'LL TAKE
IT! HOW MUCH?

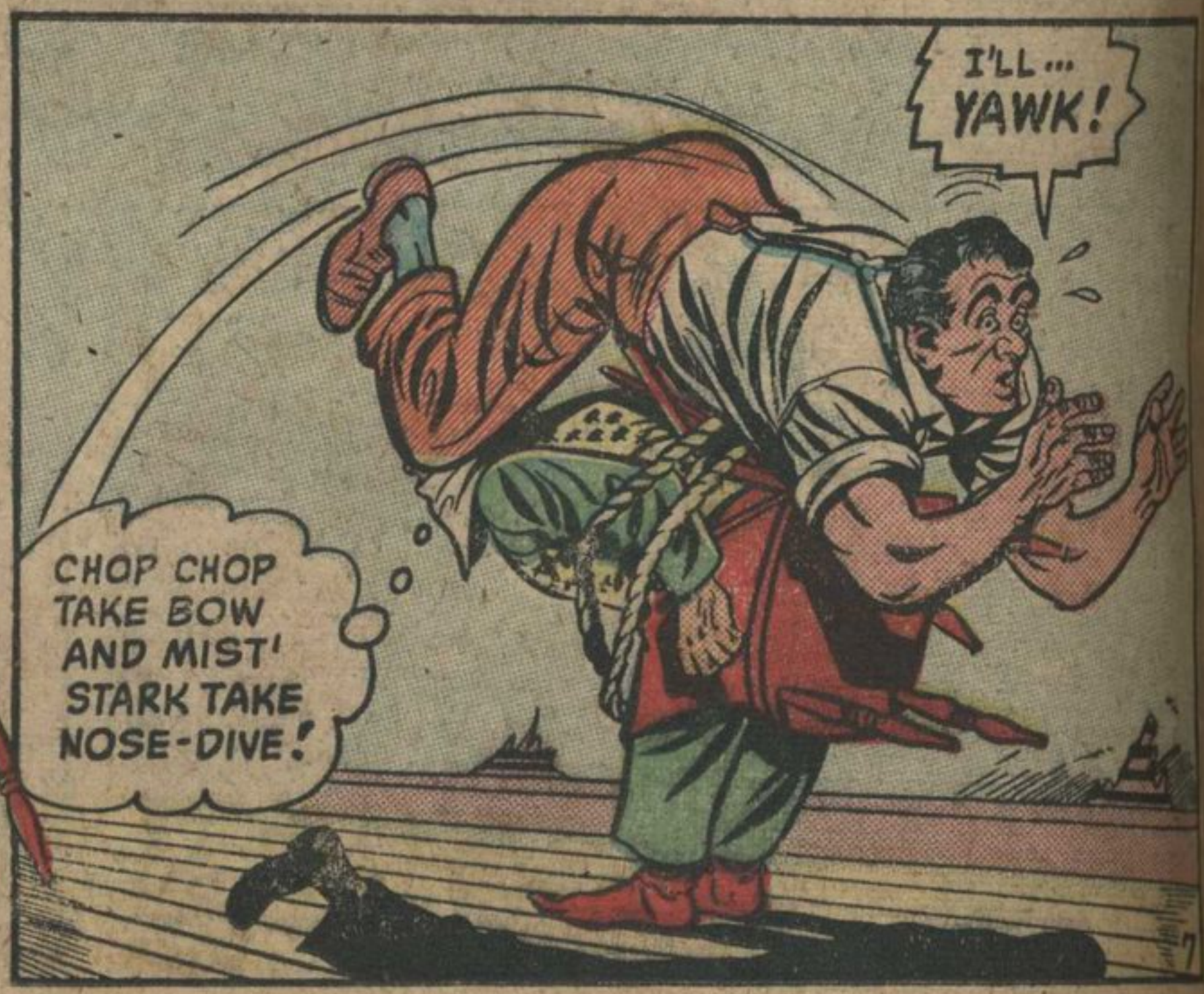
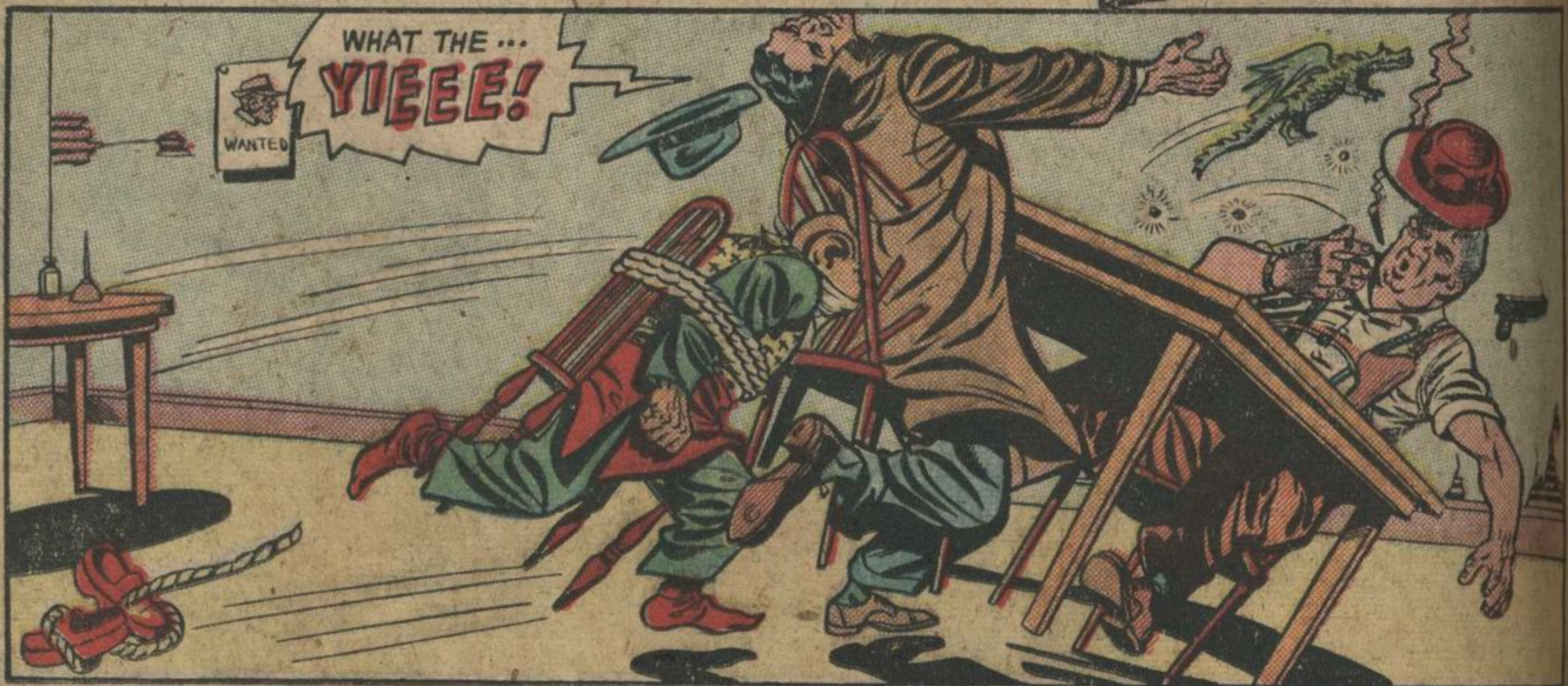




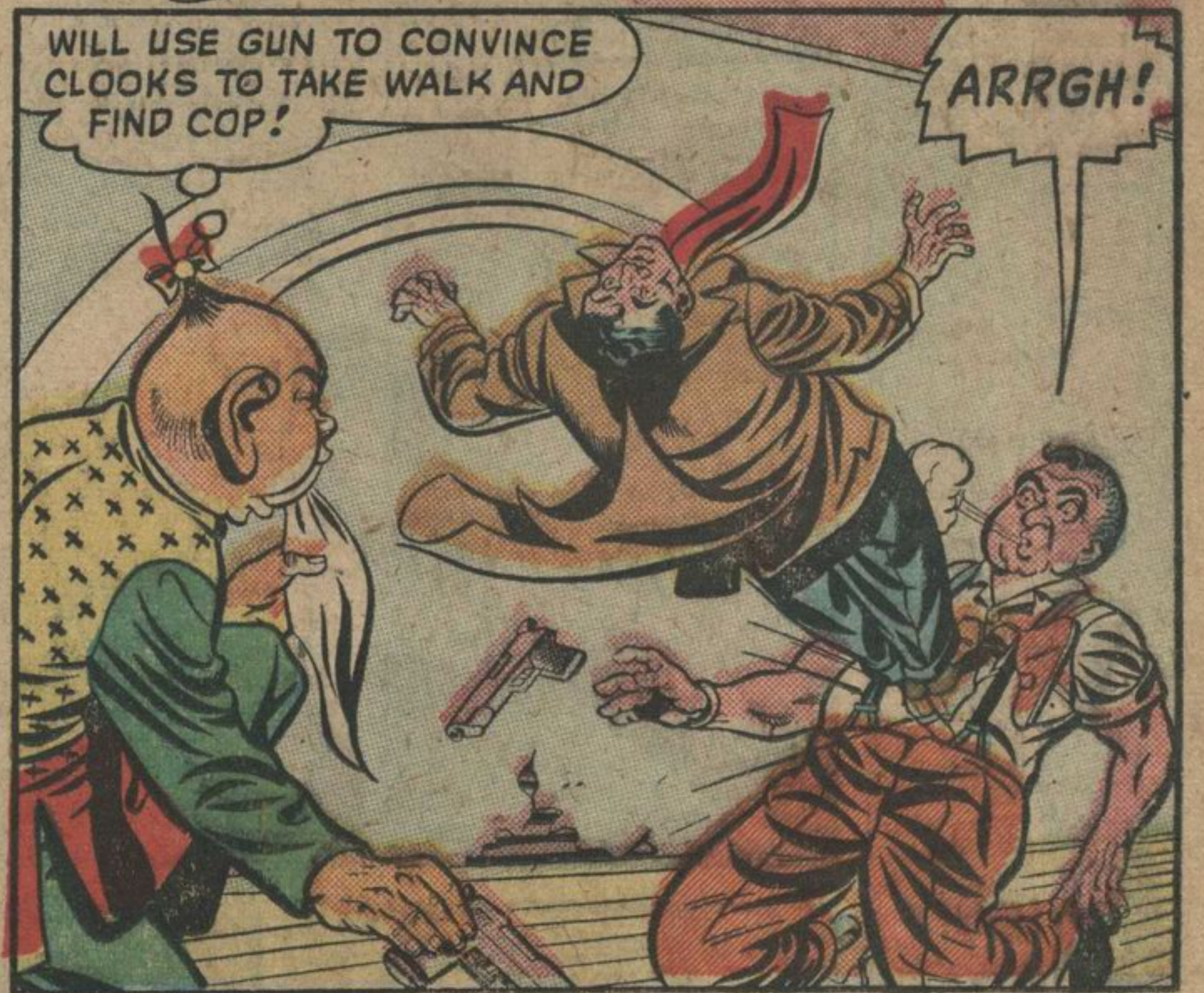
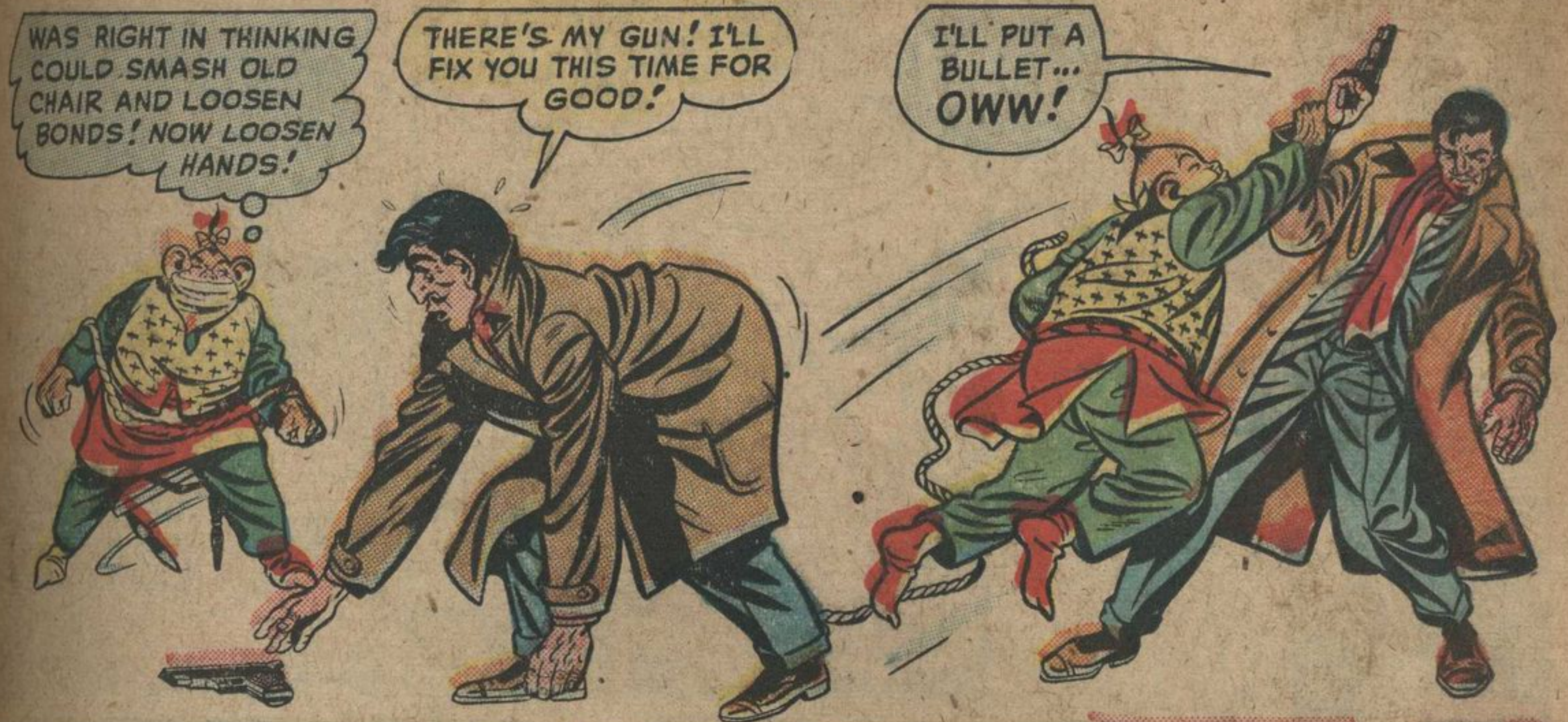


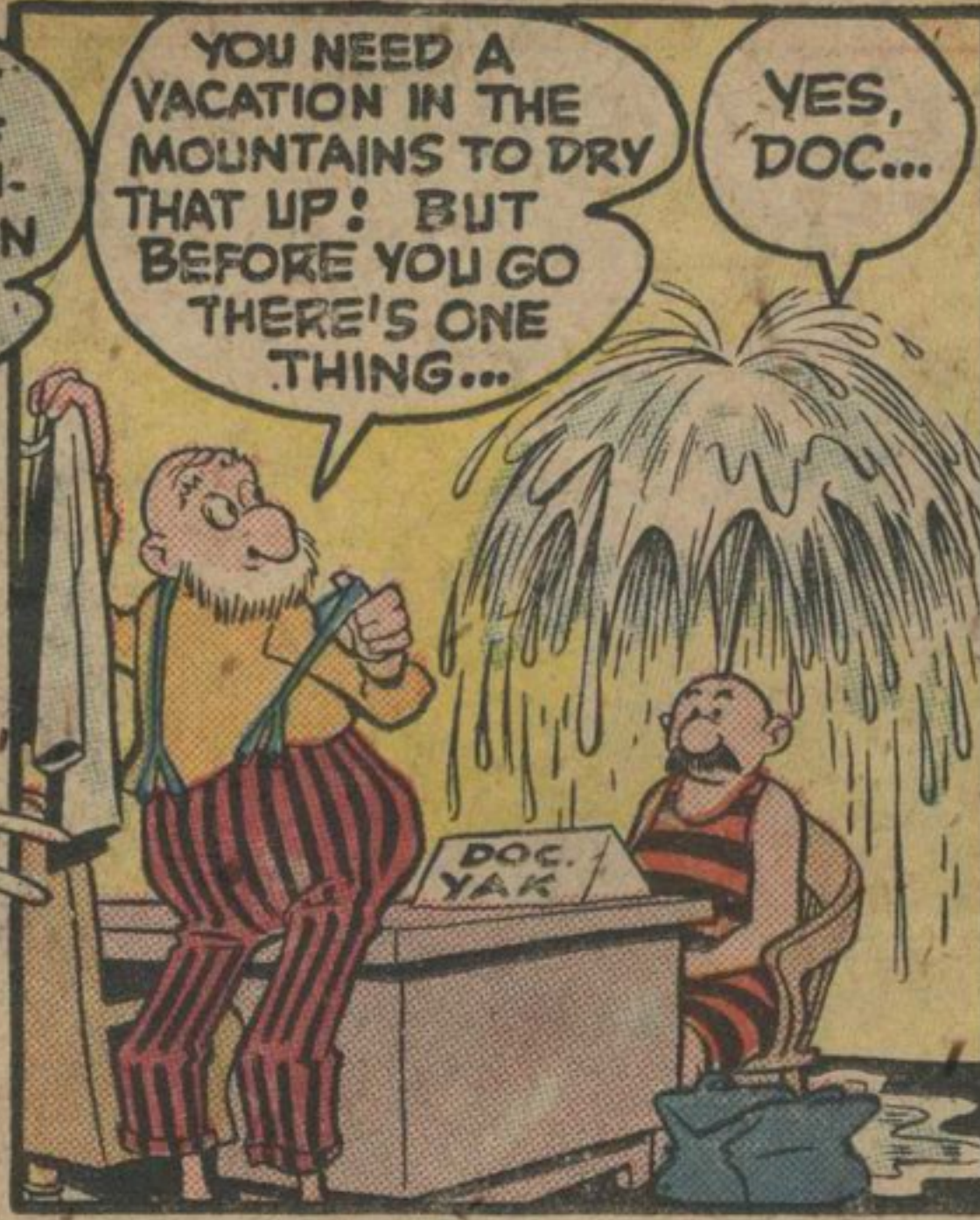
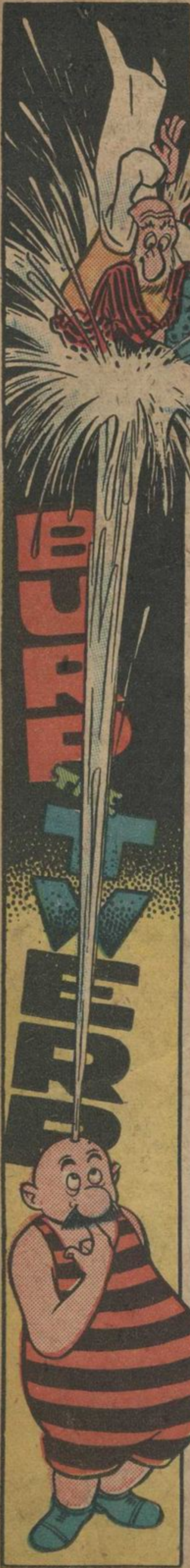


BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK





BEACON TRAP



THE storm broke with vicious fury over Blackhawk Island, pouring down torrents of rain and splitting the sky with jagged slashes of lightning followed by almost continuous crashes of thunder.

Inside the large house on the hillside the Blackhawks sat or stood about the crackling log fire in the fireplace, which took the chill from the great room. Stanislaus, who leaned against the heavy mantle, looked over the faces of his friends and said to no one in particular, "This storm is really holding up operations."

"I imagine tomorrow will be clear enough for us to continue our business," Blackhawk observed. "This storm won't last long."

"What ees our business?" Andre asked with a laugh. "Eet ees like flying on ze instruments in zero-zero weather."

"Chuck knows as much as anyone," Blackhawk replied. "How about it, Chuck?"

"Well," Chuck answered slowly, "it may not mean anything, but half an hour ago while monitoring the radio bands I picked up a set of strange coded signals . . . fairly close. I couldn't get too accurate a fix on them, due to the atmosphere conditions, but I don't think they were on the mainland."

"Wouldn't it be better to get on with our assignment from Army Intelligence?" Hendrickson growled. "It seems foolish to waste time chasing down a couple of radio signals ven dere iss more important vork."

"We can't overlook any bets," Blackhawk said quietly. "In this game the slightest lead can break a case. Nailing down the disappearance of Secret Papers from G-2 Files is first priority but so far our investigation hasn't uncovered either a leak or a means of getting the material out of the country . . ."

A shrill buzzing from the communications room caused all the group to look in that direction. "It's the warning buzzer from the ten-mile radar screen," Chuck said, rising quickly and moving from the room. "I'll have a look."

A few minutes later Chuck returned, a frown on his face. "It's a small vessel of some sort," he announced, "and it's approaching here on a direct course."

"Mebbe fishing boat lost in storm," Chop Chop said.

"Could be," Chuck said, "but I have an idea it might be the ship that transmitted those code signals I was just talking about."

The group fell into thoughtful silence until Blackhawk finally spoke. "If they have a radio they should have gotten the storm warnings," he pointed out. "However," he added, "they could have been too far out to get back in time. See if you can contact them, Chuck, and throw on our homing beacon. A small ship wouldn't be on the open sea in weather like this."

During the next hour the other Blackhawks stirred restlessly, keeping a watchful eye on Chuck, who worked efficiently among the delicate apparatus in his communications room. Finally he emerged into the living room and all gave him their undivided attention.

"I haven't been able to contact them on any radio channel," he said, "but the radar indicated the ship is right off our coast now. I switched on the floodlights at the lagoon so they could dock."

"Good work, Chuck," Blackhawk said. "Stick with your equipment while Stanislaus and I take a look down at the lagoon. The storm seems to have let up a bit."

"Me fixee hot coffee and some grub," Chop Chop said, disappearing to the rear. "Sailor boys need something after rough time in storm."

Blackhawk stopped at the door and turned. "The rest of you wait here until we know what the score is. I'll give Chuck a call on the jeep radio if we need anything."

Blackhawk guided the tiny jeep down the slippery narrow road toward the lights, which glowed dimly through the rain. Finally he pulled up at the small wharf jutting out into the ruffled crescent of water. He and Stanislaus quit the jeep and went to the edge of the wharf.

Just at that moment a small fishing boat entered the circle of light and nosed gently up to the pier. A tall, burly man in oilskins and holding a length of rope stood on the foredeck and peered toward them through the rain.

Stanislaus caught the rope as it was tossed and made it fast to the iron cleat seat in the

wharf. The engines ceased throbbing below deck and the vessel drifted slowly against the timbers of the pier.

"What's the idea of this setup?" the man asked gruffly. Then, staring at Blackhawk intently, he raised his eyebrows and muttered, "Say, you're not Gundel . . ."

Blackhawk leaped lightly to the rain-washed deck of the small boat. "We're Blackhawks," he said. "We turned on our beacon lights to help you find this cove. It's the only quiet water within quite a few miles of here."

"Then you were sending out that . . . wait a minute," the man said suspiciously. "There's something phoney about this layout, and I don't think you two better leave until I find out what's going on." With that the burly figure stepped back and, drawing a pistol from the pocket of his oilskins, trained it on the two Blackhawks.

Almost at the same moment Blackhawk lunged forward. The stocky seaman reeled under the impact of the rush and, falling to the deck, shouted hoarsely, "Johnson! Vladimir! On deck!" At the sound of the cry two more men slammed from the cabin toward Blackhawk but were met by the furious onslaught of Stanislaus, who had slipped behind the cabin.

The heavy man tried to crawl toward his pistol, which had fallen to the deck, but Blackhawk held him in a grip of steel. Then, with a quick wrench, the leader of the famous band jerked his opponent back and sent him sprawling on the deck with a driving blow to the head. The man flopped over and lay still.

Now Blackhawk turned his attention to Stanislaus' battle but found his companion had the situation well in hand. The second of his two attackers was just then dropping to the deck. Quickly the two Blackhawks tied the three men with a length of rope they found lying on deck.

"So much for them, Stanislaus," Blackhawk whispered. "Let's go below . . . ready for more trouble."

Cautiously, the two men went below decks. The interior of the vessel was unoccupied and bare with the exception of a small galley stocked with provisions and a compact but powerful transceiver. After a quick examination which uncovered nothing, Blackhawk turned to Stanislaus and said, "Get Chuck down here on the double. I'll look around a bit more."

Stanislaus hurried back to the jeep and started off. The storm was over and an occasional star now began slipping from behind the clouds. The sea was calmer, with waves rolling along the beach in long swells.

Nearly many minutes later Chuck and Stanislaus were on board ship and listening as Blackhawk completed his instructions. "You get to work on their radio, Chuck, and you, Stanislaus, get the rest of the boys down here, with the exception of Chop Chop. He can operate the controls from the house when we give him the signal."

When the rest of the group arrived, Chuck was sitting below at the control panel of the ship's radio, endlessly tapping out a message. The other Blackhawks remained on deck, peering into the darkness. Suddenly a luminescent ripple showed in the waters of the lagoon. There was a boiling sound, then the clang of a hatch being opened.

A very-pistol flare outlined the scene in crimson for an instant, after which the lagoon floodlights flashed on. Revealed in the glare was a foreign submarine with hatch thrown back and a uniformed figure who stared in amazement at the waiting Blackhawks.

Before the man could withdraw his body from the conning tower and slam the hatch, the Blackhawks poured down upon him, all except Olaf, who stood guard outside with a sub-machinegun. The sounds of furious battle drifted up through the open hatch, indicating that the precision teamwork of the Blackhawks was having a telling effect on the submarine crew.

One by one, members of the crew staggered up through the conning tower and onto the deck, where Olaf covered them. After the last of the ten men, the triumphant Blackhawks emerged.

It was late the next day, after a Government cutter had towed the two alien craft away and taken the crew into custody, that the Blackhawks were able to relax. "That's what I call wrapping up two mysteries at once," Chuck said to the assembled Blackhawks. "That idea of yours, Blackhawk, of sending the code signal from the motor launch certainly brought results."

"Yes," Blackhawk said, "from that first fellow's manner I knew he was to meet someone. The fact that he had followed our beam in gave me the idea that his friends might do the same."

"With the stolen government documents we found on board the sub, plus the names of three foreign agents, we shouldn't be troubled by a fishing boat-submarine combination soon again."

"Looks like we Blackhawks even have to look under water for crooks," Chop Chop observed wryly.

Blackhawk



Wherever infamous men meet to plot their crimes, the name of **BLACKHAWK** is feared and respected!

POLITO, master schemer, agent of a powerful and ambitious nation, thought he could match wits and strength with the **BLACKHAWKS**... but he was wrong! Once more **BLACKHAWK** and his mates strike a powerful blow for freedom and justice...

Deep in a mountain valley of Europe a small nation cheers its new president...

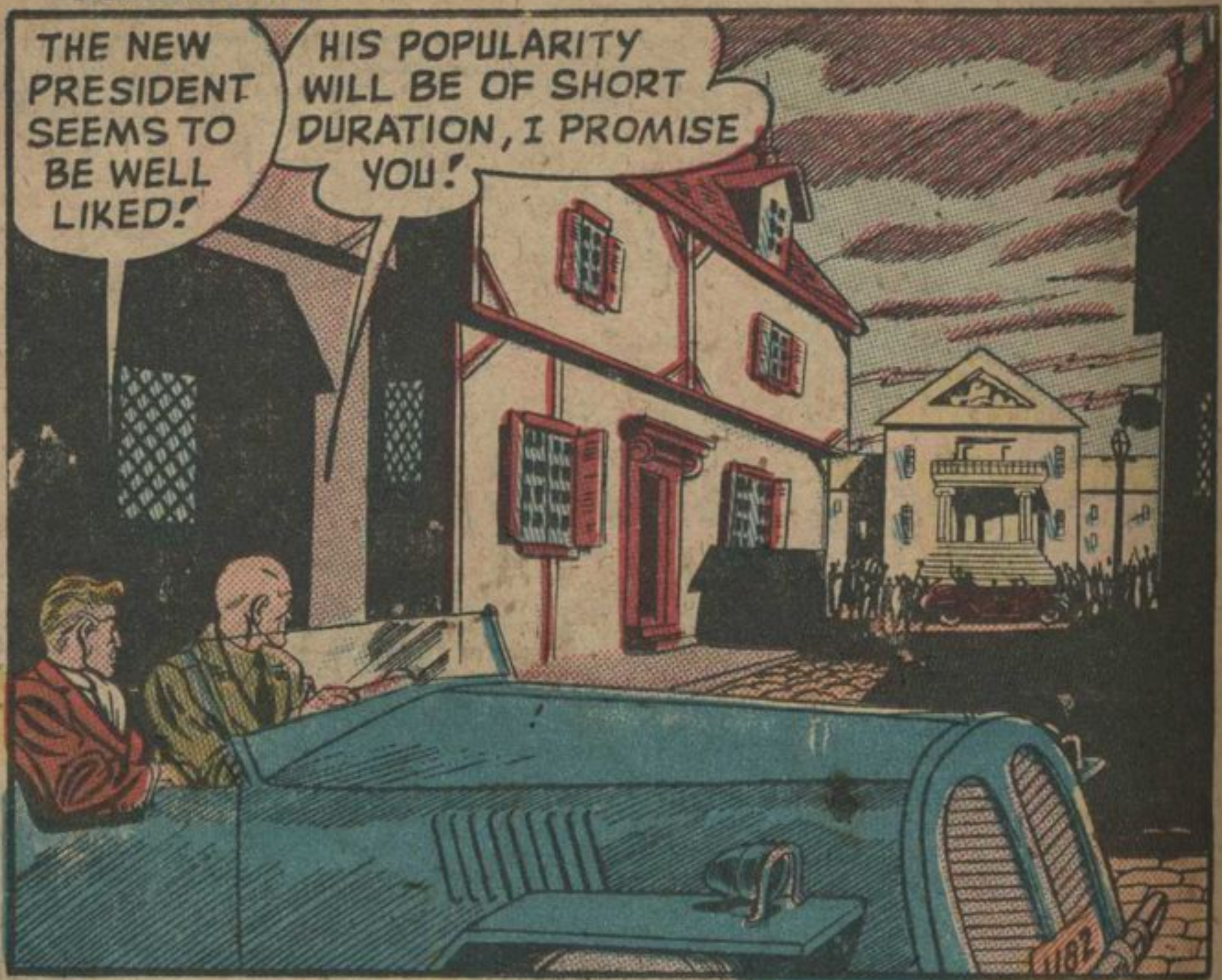
I DON'T DESERVE SUCH POPULARITY, MR. PRIME MINISTER!

YOU ARE TOO MODEST...THE PEOPLE ADMIRE YOUR LONG FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!



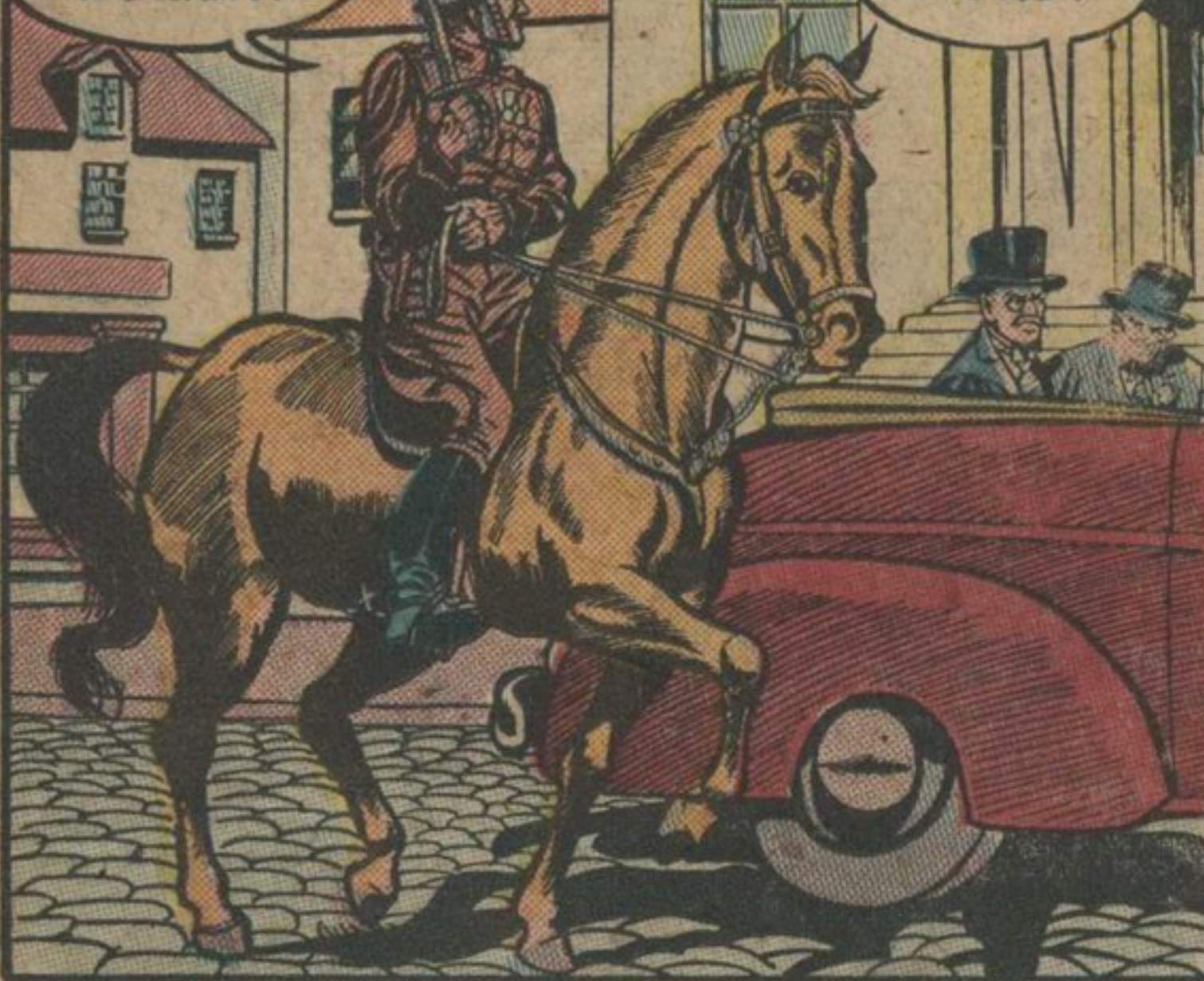
THE NEW PRESIDENT SEEMS TO BE WELL LIKED!

HIS POPULARITY WILL BE OF SHORT DURATION, I PROMISE YOU!



SIR, COLONEL DRAGA, COMMANDER OF THE NATIONAL POLICE, AT YOUR SERVICE! THE PEOPLE ARE CLAMORING FOR A FEW WORDS FROM THEIR BELOVED PRESIDENT!

IT WOULD BE FOOLHARDY TO EXPOSE YOURSELF, MR. PRESIDENT! FREEDOM HAS MANY ENEMIES... ASSASSINS MAY BE LURKING IN THE CROWD!



YOU WILL BE ENTIRELY SAFE! MY MEN ARE POSTED EVERYWHERE!

THE COLONEL IS IN CHARGE OF MY SECURITY! I WILL SPEAK FROM THE BALCONY!

BUT...



THIS IS VERY RASH!

I MUST THANK THEM FOR THEIR WELCOME!

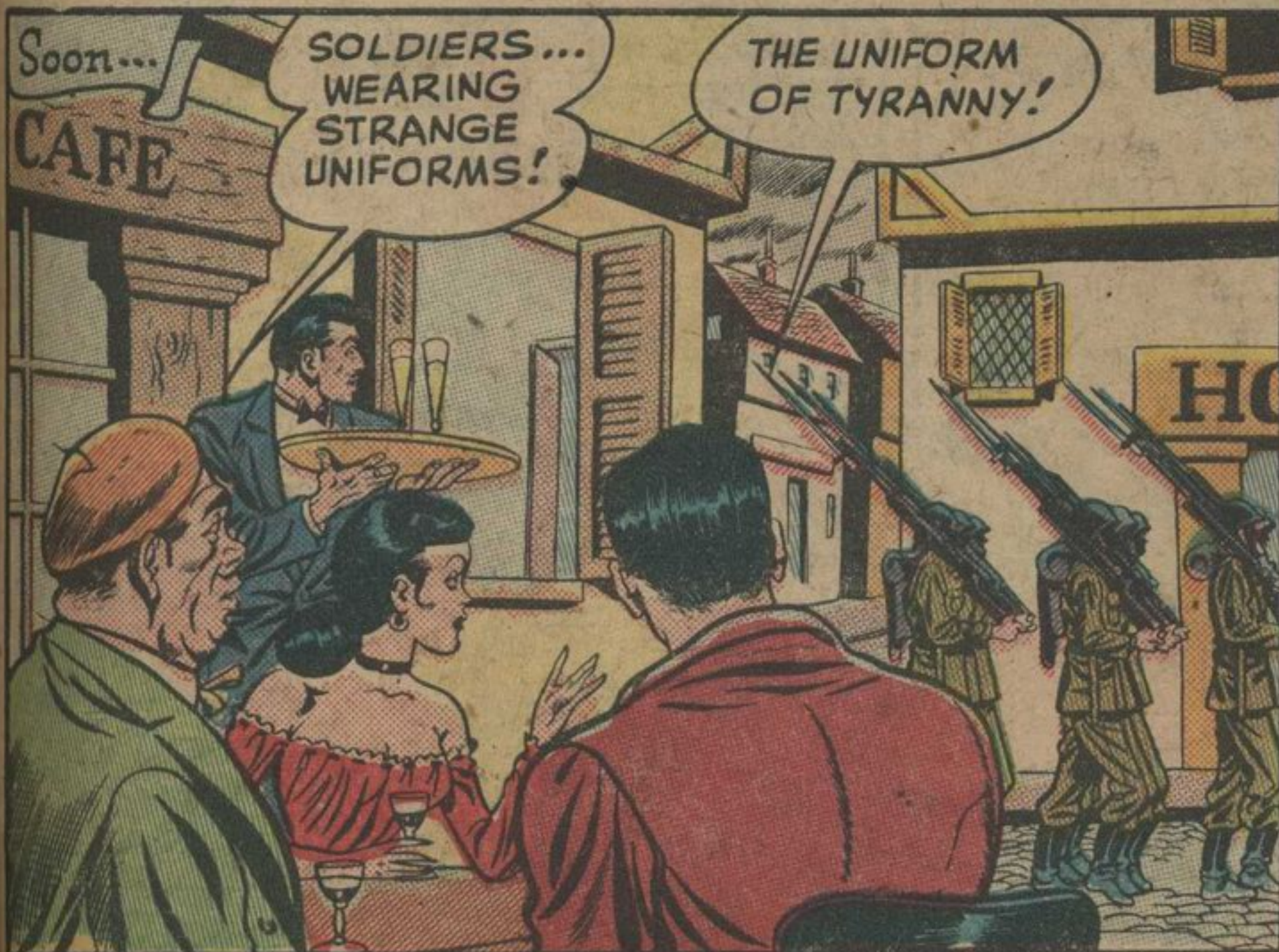
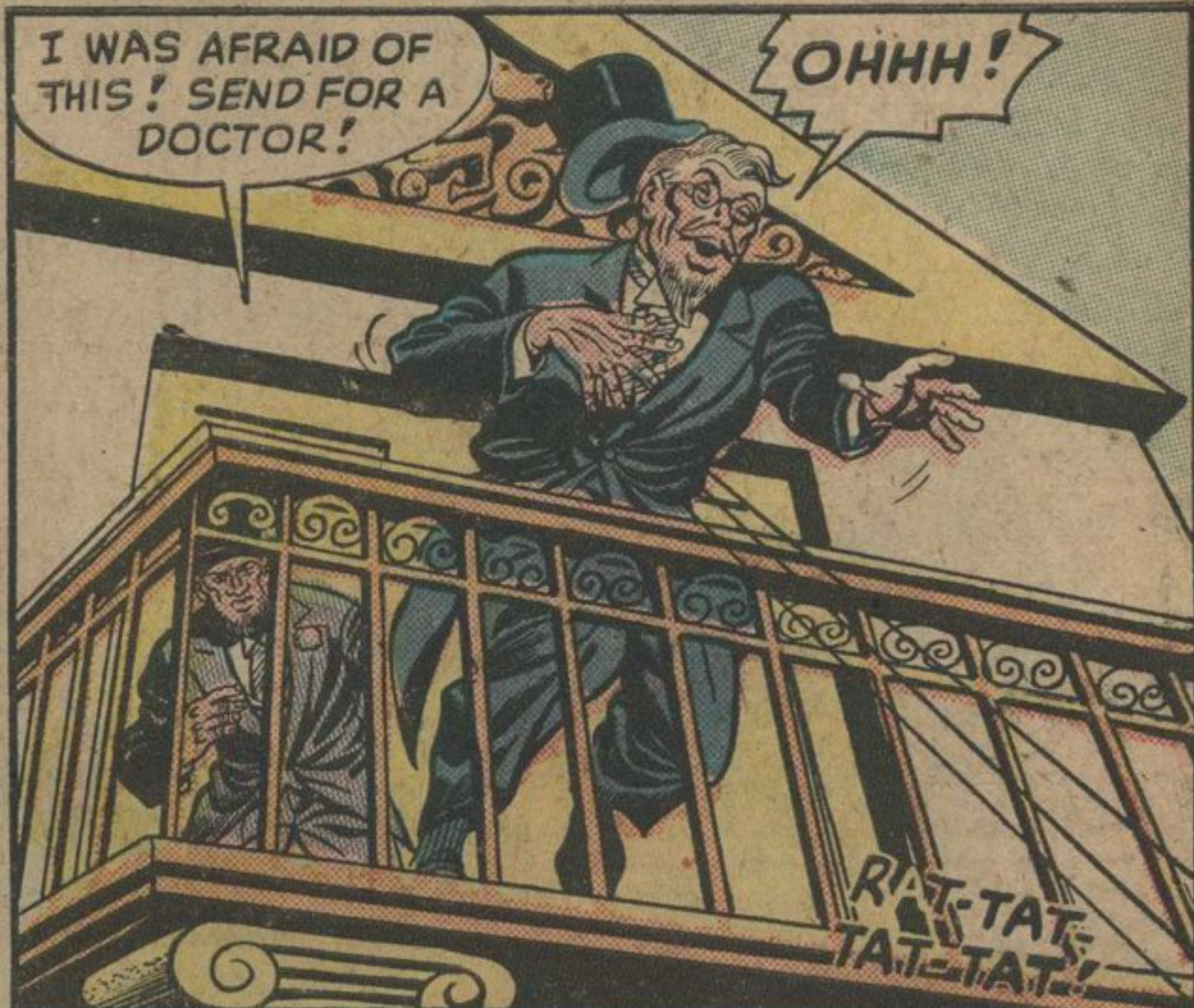


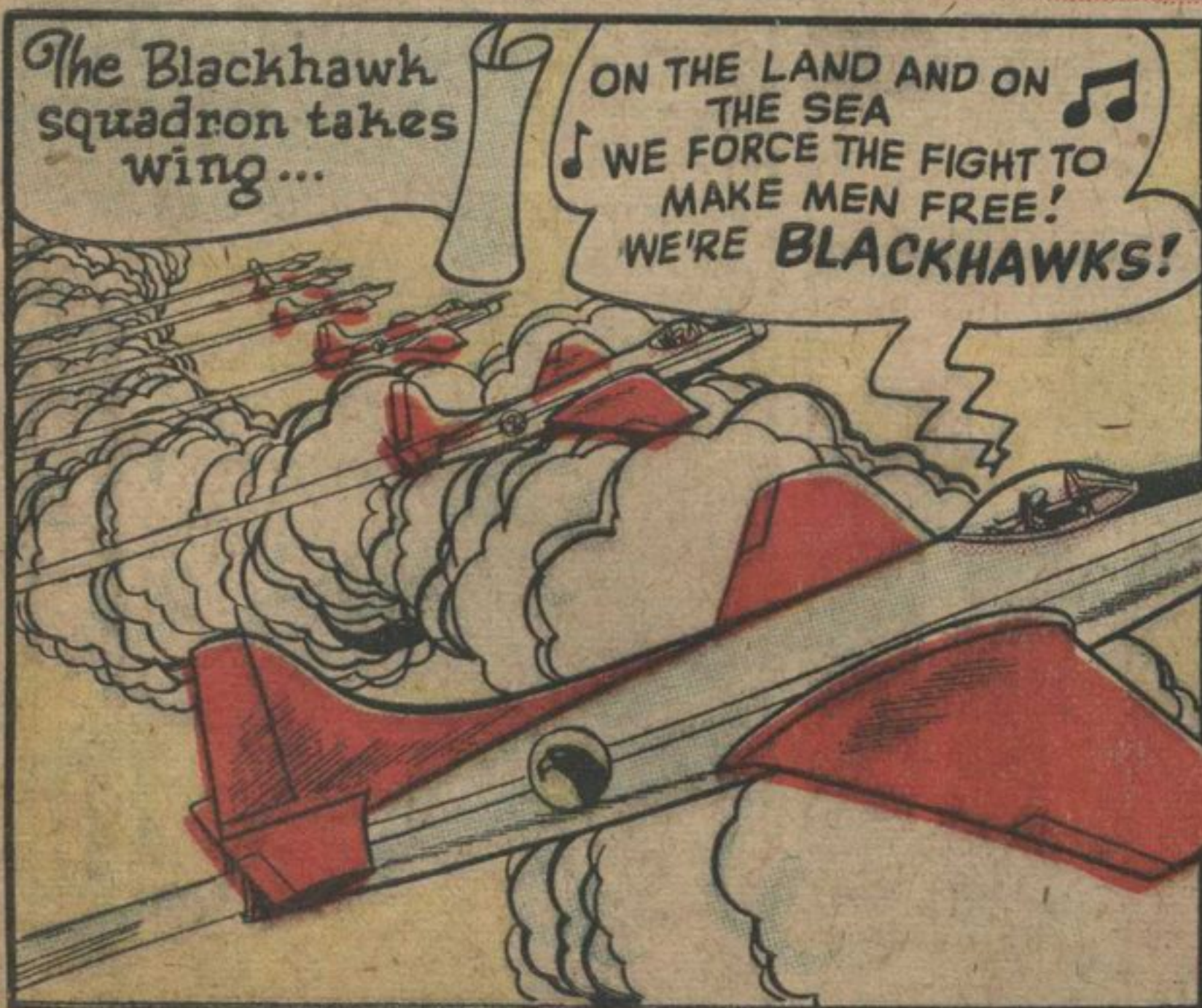
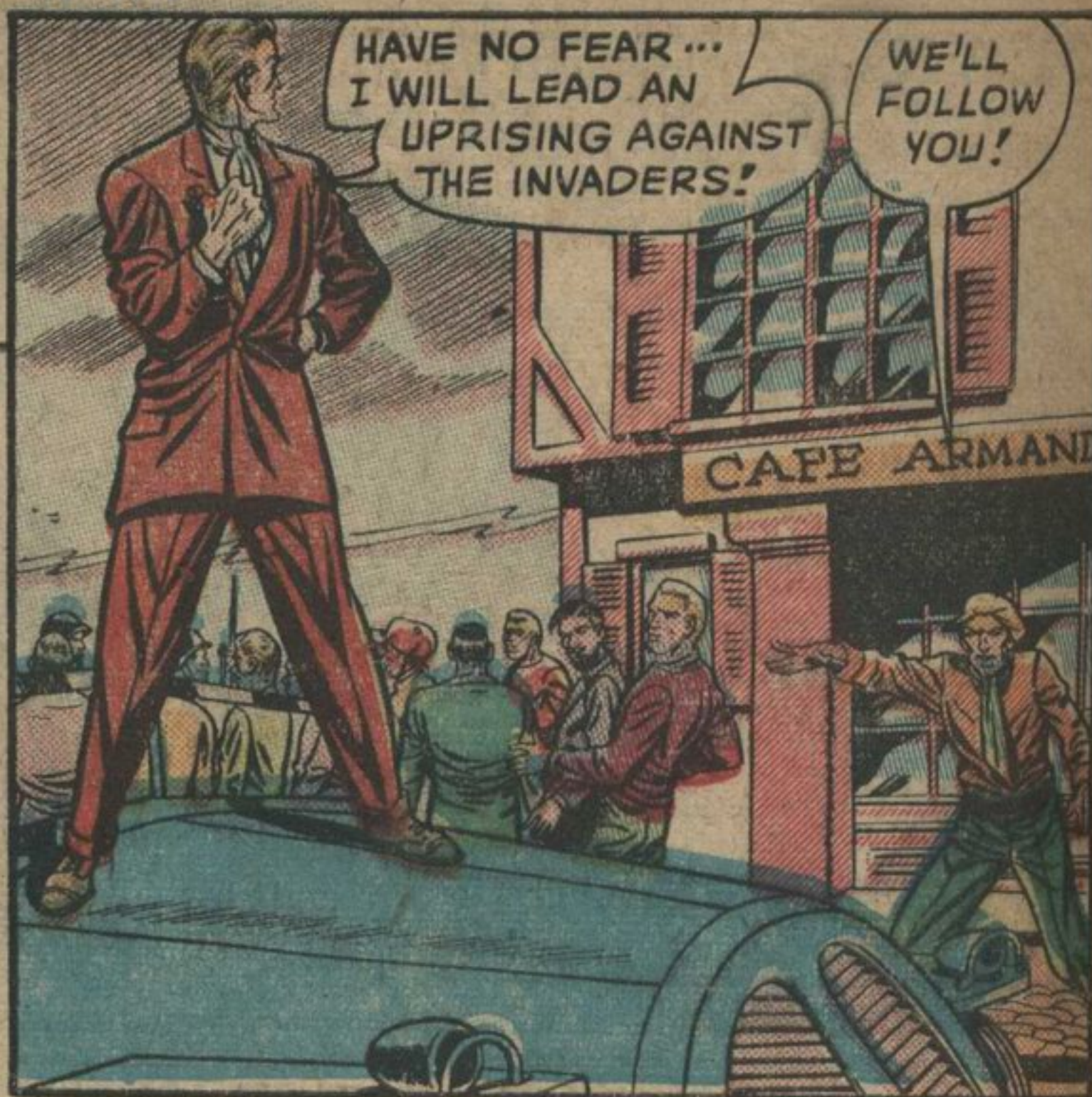
Meanwhile...

IF ALL GOES AS PLANNED, CARNIOLA WILL SOON APPEAR! IF WE HAD TRIED TO HARM HIM IN THE STREETS WE WOULD HAVE BEEN TORN TO PIECES!

THERE HE IS NOW!







BLACKHAWK



FIRST WE'LL HAVE TO INVESTIGATE!



Soon...

GO EASY, MEN! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GETTING INTO!



WHO ARE THESE STRANGERS? ARE THEY FOR US OR AGAINST US?

I RECOGNIZE THEIR UNIFORM! THEY'RE THE BLACKHAWKS... COME TO HELP US WIN OUR FREEDOM!



THE BLACKHAWKS HAVE COME TO HELP US!

WE WERE BEGINNING TO LOSE HEART... BUT WITH THEIR HELP WE'LL OUST SERGEI AND HIS THUGS!



THIS IS VERY INCONVENIENT... WE MUST PLAN TO LIQUIDATE THESE INTER-LOPERS!

SERGEI AND HIS INVADERS ARE IN THAT BUILDING... THEY CAN HOLD OUT INDEFINITELY!



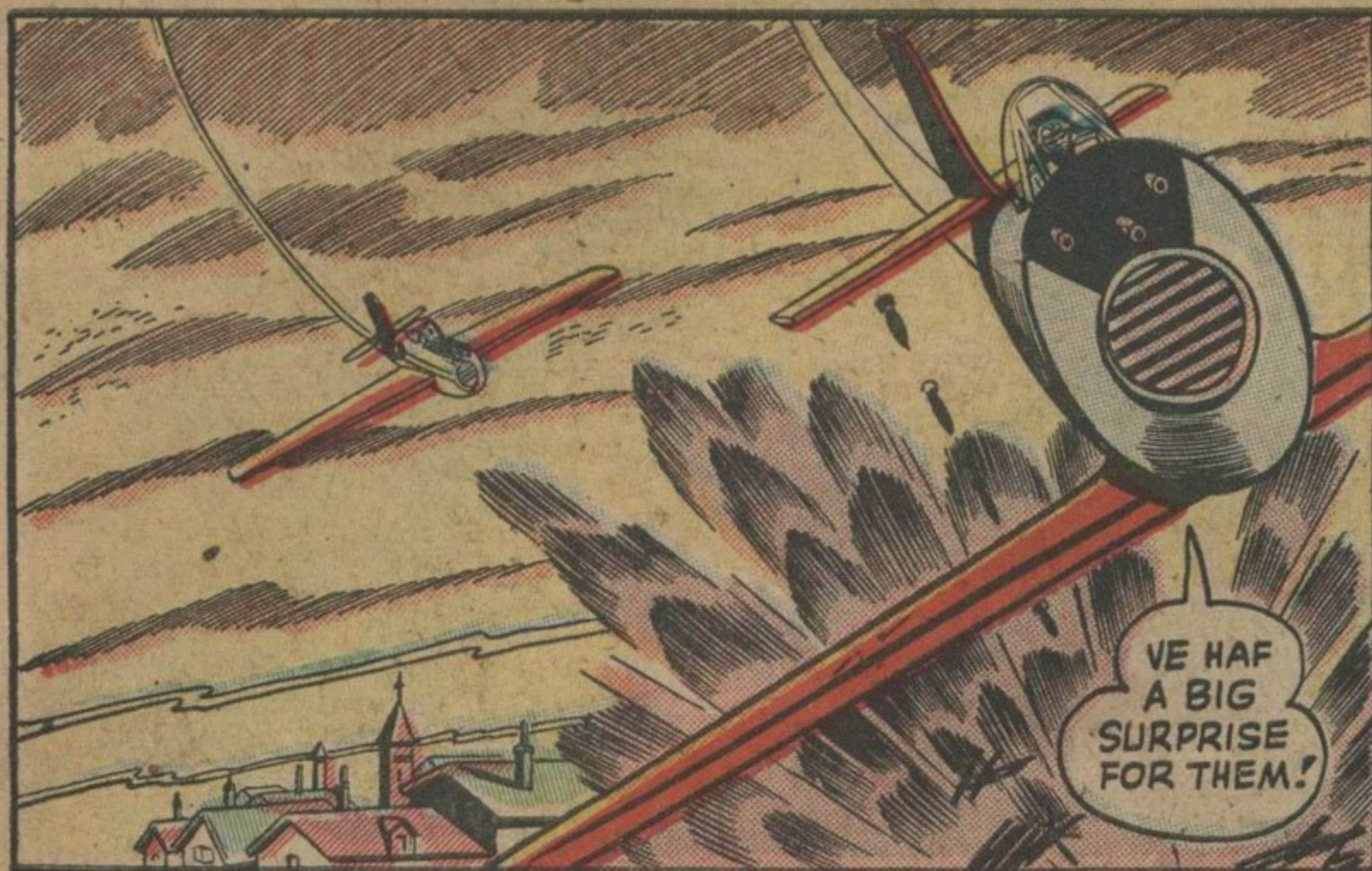
STANISLAUS AND HENDRICKSON... GET YOUR PLANES IN THE AIR AND SMOKE THOSE GUYS OUT INTO THE OPEN!

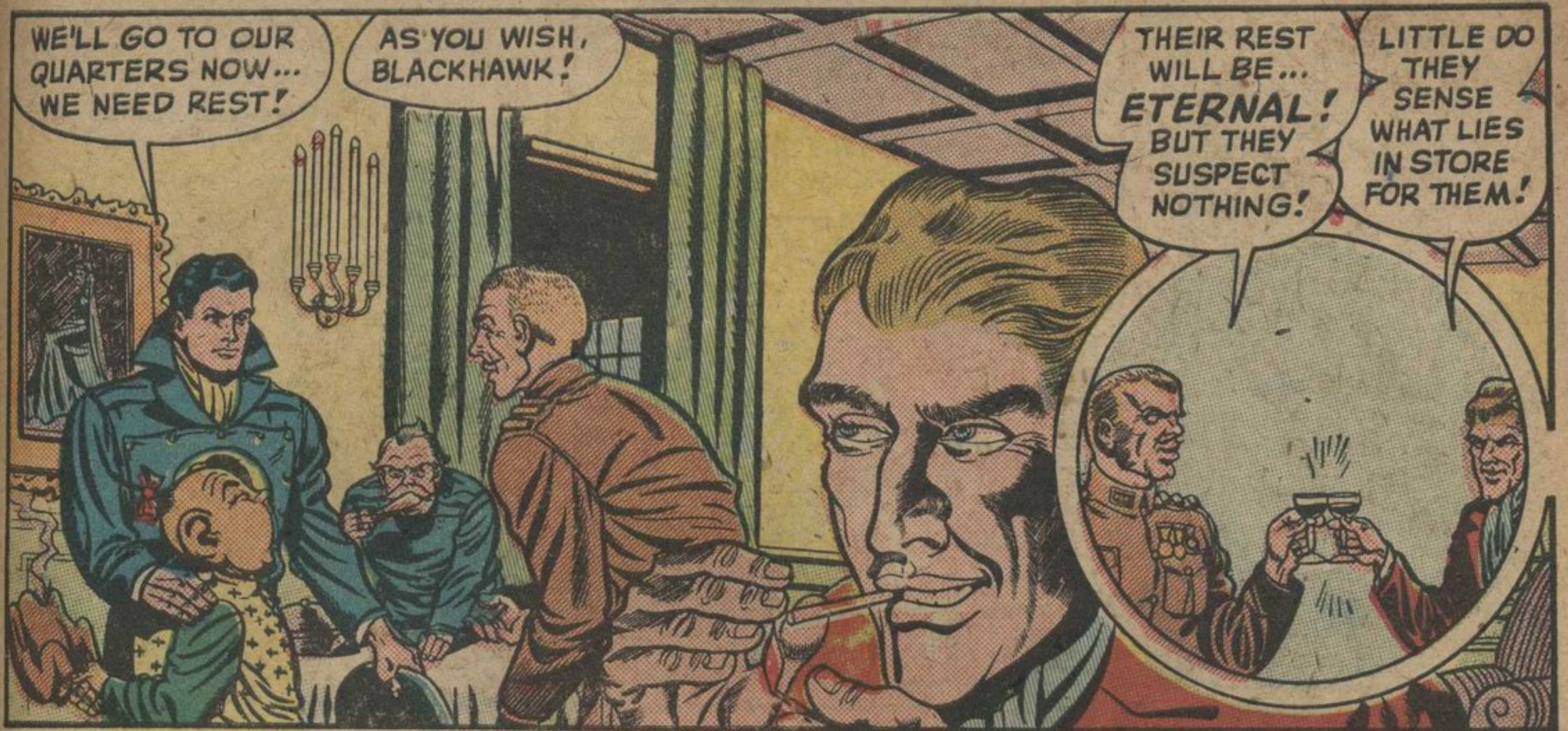
I AM THE LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATIC INSURRECTION, BLACKHAWK! I WELCOME YOU ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE!



WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THEY COME OUT... THEN WE'LL TAKE THEM!

VELLY SOON DICTATORS ALLEE WASHEE UP!







SOMETHING'S
CHOKING ME...
CAN'T BREATHE...



POISON GAS COMING THROUGH
KEYHOLE... JUST MADE IT
TO WINDOW!

WAKE UP,
BLACKHAWKS!

SAPRISTI!!
WHAT WAS
ZAT?



SOMEBODY
TRIED TO GAS
US THROUGH
THE KEYHOLE!
BREAK DOWN
THE DOOR!

ZEY HAVE ZE
STRANGE IDEAS
OF HOSPITALITY
IN ZIS PLACE!



THAT
TUBE...

THE GAS BAN IN
THAT CYLINDER!
BY YIMMINY,
SOMEBODY BAN
FEEL SORRY
FOR THIS!



IF THE WINDOWS HADN'T BEEN
STUCK I MIGHT NOT HAVE
GUESSED WHAT WAS
HAPPENING UNTIL TOO
LATE! THERE'S A LIGHT
UNDER THAT DOOR!



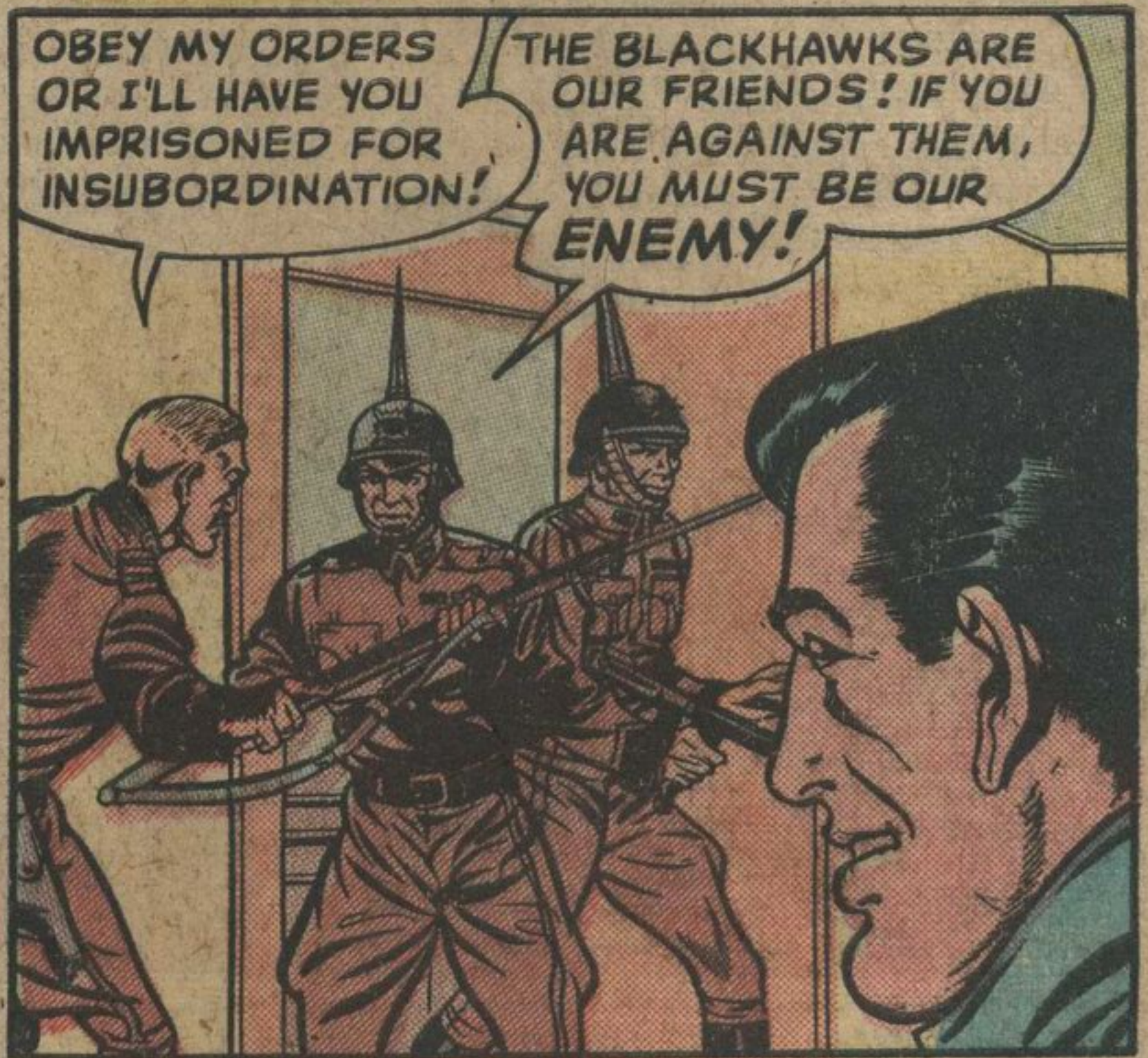
IN A FEW MINUTES
THE BLACKHAWKS
WILL BE DEAD...
THEN I'LL RULE
WITH THE FULL
SUPPORT OF
THE PEOPLE!

BY PRETEND-
ING TO LEAD
THEM AGAINST
ME, YOU WON
OVER THE
COUNTRY! THEY
WILL OBEY YOUR
ORDERS WITHOUT
QUESTION!



WHEN MY COUNTRY HAS
BEEN ANNEXED BY ITS
POWERFUL NEIGHBOR, I,
TOO, WILL BE
REWARDED...
WHA...!

WE HEARD ENOUGH
TALK HERE TO GUESS
THE REST!





THESE BLACKHAWKS ARE INVINCIBLE!

WE MUST ESCAPE OR WE ARE LOST!



THEY'RE GAINING ON US!

IT'S JUST AS WELL TO BRING EVERYTHING OUT IN THE OPEN!



I OUGHT TO PAY YOU BACK FOR TRYING TO KILL US... BUT I'LL SAVE YOU FOR TRIAL AS A TRAITOR INSTEAD!

LOOK! THE BLACKHAWKS ARE MISTREATING POLITO... WHO LED US AGAINST THE INVADERS!



THE BLACK-HAWKS HAVE TURNED AGAINST US... THEY ARE TRYING TO KILL OUR LEADER!

WAIT A MINUTE, MEN! YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG! POLITO AND SERGEI PLOTTED TOGETHER TO MAKE POLITO APPEAR AS A HERO SO HE COULD TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY WITH YOUR CONSENT!

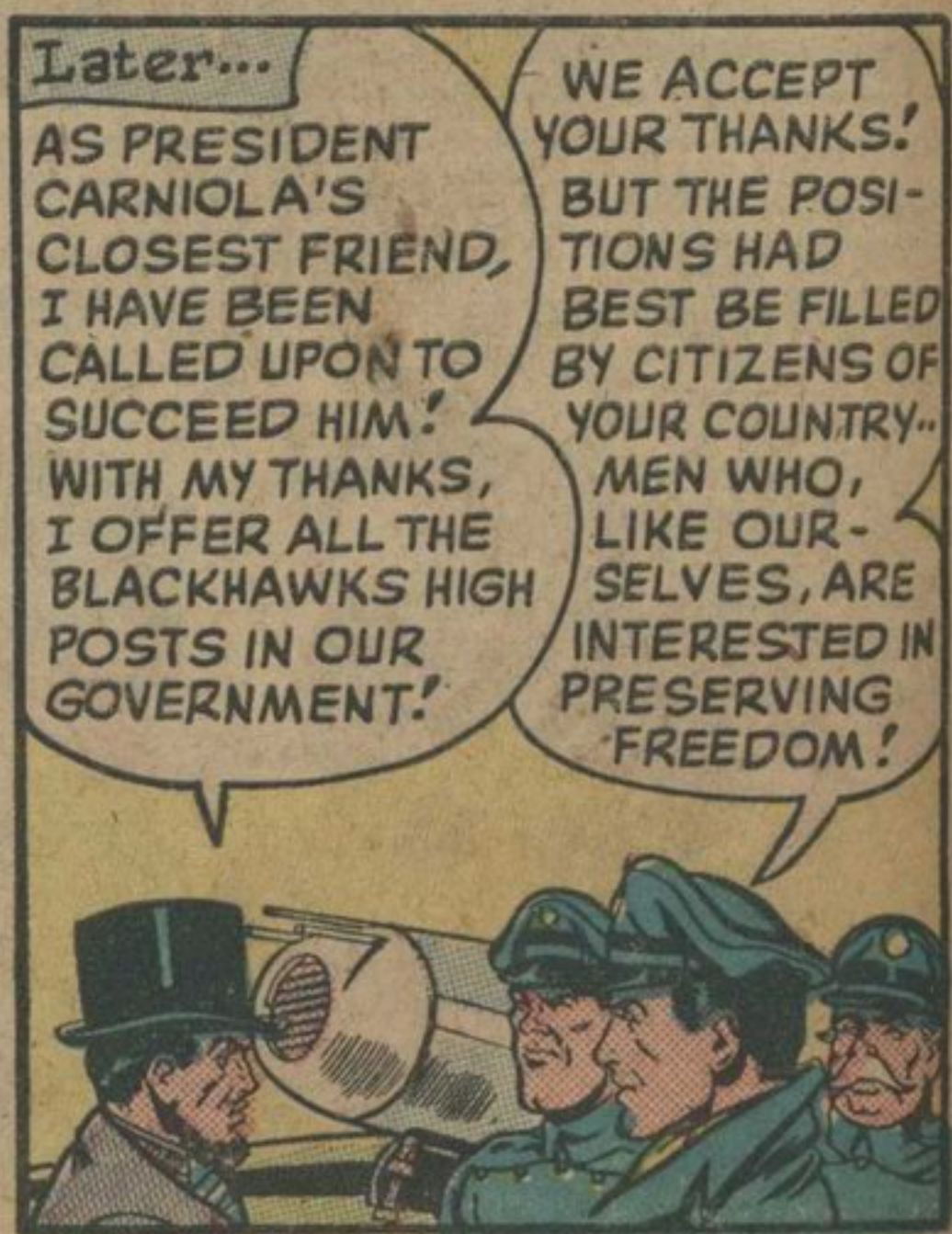


THEY ARE BOTH AGENTS OF THE SAME FOREIGN POWER! AND THE THIRD RAT, YOUR COLONEL DRAGA, IS LYING UNCONSCIOUS IN THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING!

HE SPEAKS TRULY! COLONEL DRAGA WAS THEIR ACCOMPLICE! WE WILL ALSO IMPRISON HIM!



LONG LIVE THE BLACKHAWKS! PUT THE TRAITORS IN CHAINS!



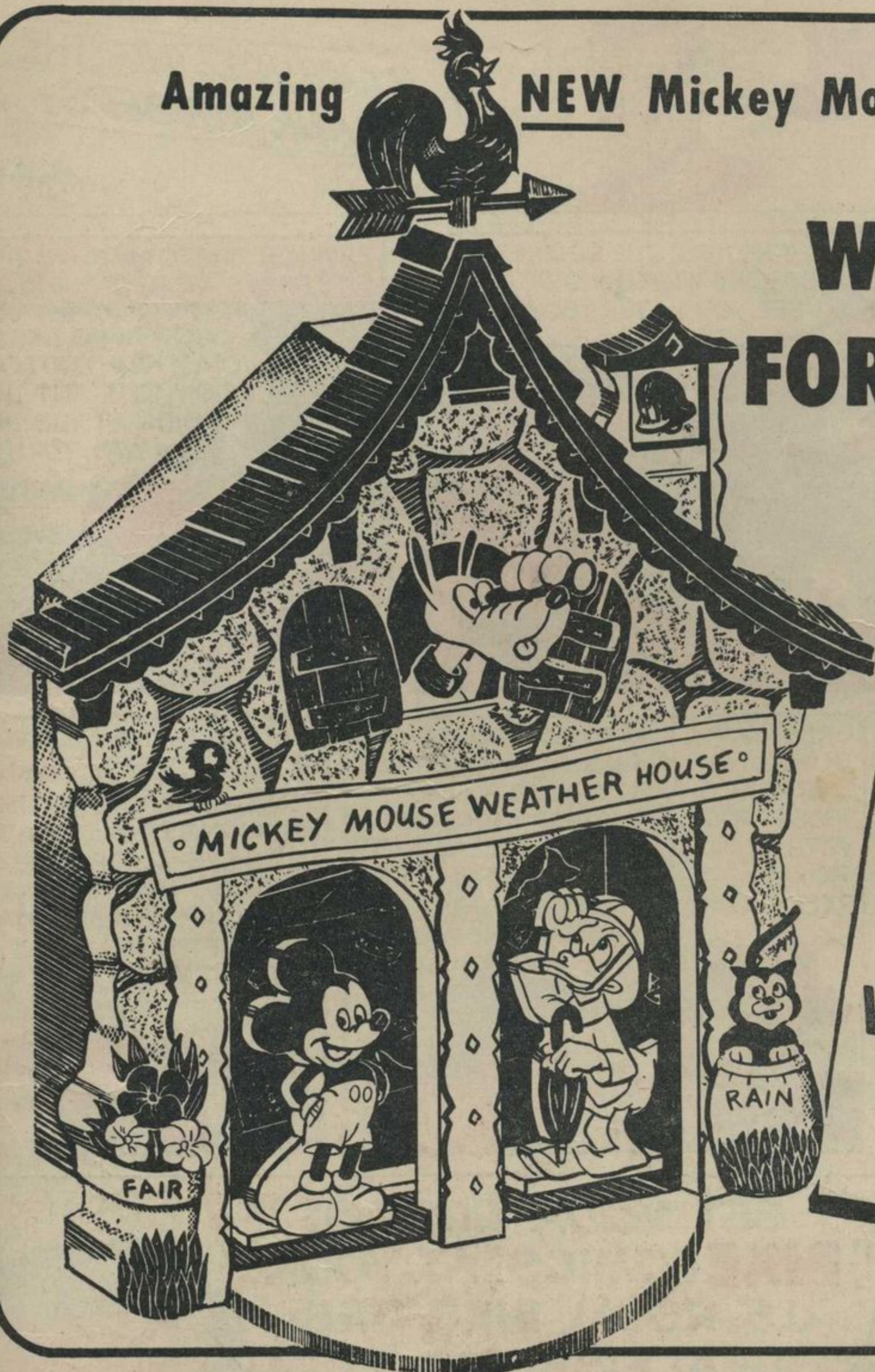
Later... AS PRESIDENT CARNIOLA'S CLOSEST FRIEND, I HAVE BEEN CALLED UPON TO SUCCEED HIM! WITH MY THANKS, I OFFER ALL THE BLACKHAWKS HIGH POSTS IN OUR GOVERNMENT!

WE ACCEPT YOUR THANKS! BUT THE POSITIONS HAD BEST BE FILLED BY CITIZENS OF YOUR COUNTRY... MEN WHO, LIKE OURSELVES, ARE INTERESTED IN PRESERVING FREEDOM!

Amazing

NEW Mickey Mouse—Donald Duck

WEATHER FORECASTER



GIFT offer
We will send you a
genuine
**SUN DIAL
WRIST WATCH**
if you order your
Weather House
promptly

SEND NO MONEY

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The Weatherman is so certain you'll be thrilled with your Weather House that he makes this offer—Pay the postman \$1.49 plus postage—test the Weather House for accuracy, watch it closely, see how it works. Then if you're not 100% pleased, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and your money will be refunded in full!

More than 2,000,000 Weatherman tried-and-tested home weather forecasters are in daily use all over America. Farmers, housewives, businessmen, laborers, doctors, lawyers and children of all ages check the Weather House for its predictions. When Mickey Mouse comes out, watch for fine weather; when Donald Duck appears, be on the lookout for bad weather. Made of genuine plastic—beautifully hand-painted. Fully automatic—will last for years.

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- ☐ Rush 1 Mickey Mouse Weather House and sun dial wrist watch.
On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.49—postage prepaid.
- ☐ 2 for \$2.69 ☐ 6 for \$8.00 ☐ 12 for \$15.00

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(please print plainly)

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



BAMBOOZLING THE
BANK ROBBERS



WHEN DESPERATE GUNMEN ROB THE TOWN BANK, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB GO INTO ACTION WITH A DARING PLAN!



...AND TELL THE POLICE TO BE THERE WITH GUNS DRAWN! SEE YOU LATER, BOYS...

EVERY SECOND COUNTS, AS THE JET BIKE RACES AHEAD OF THE ROBBERS...



GOOD THING THIS IS THE ONLY ROAD OUT OF TOWN... NOW TO PLANT THAT SIGN AT THE HIGHWAY TURN-OFF!

AND SOON...

WELL, I'LL BE-- RIGHT INTO A DEAD END TRAP! BUT THE SIGN...



...WAS MOVED TO THROW YOU OFF THE TRACK--INTO OUR HANDS!

GREAT WORK, BOYS! WE SURPRISED THOSE CROOKS WITH A ROYAL RECEPTION!



ROYAL IS RIGHT!--OUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES GAVE US PLENTY OF SPEED WITH SAFETY. RIGHT, FELLAS? AND, SAY, SPEAKING OF SURPRISES--I'VE GOT A REAL ONE WAITING FOR YOU...

LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE...

A WHOLE COMIC BOOK ON BIKING?! LET'S SEE IT, U.S....

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS...THERE'S A COPY WAITING FOR EACH OF YOU--AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE DEALER'S!

AFTER ME, TOM...



GET YOUR COPY OF
"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE
DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE... CAPTURING BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-HEAD--HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE... WOTTA SELLING JOB HE DOES ON POP!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW



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America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science